

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 16, 1974 75 CENTS

BIG GUN IN THE WEST

Rick Barry of the Warriors



Ballantine's Scotch

Taste is why you give it



Different Volks for different folks.



VW Super Beetle

While most prices have gone up, up, up, the Beetle's has stayed the same, same, same: only \$2825* fully equipped.



412 Sedan

Simply can't do without plush wall-to-wall carpeting, fuel injection, or an automatic transmission? Fret not. They're all standard on the luxurious 412. And our Special End-of-Year prices† make it even more affordable.



Dasher

Granted \$4,000 is \$4,000.* But it's also a small price to pay for what POPULAR MECHANICS calls "...a perfect combination of styling and engineering."



The "Thing"

The cost of every "Thing" has just gone down from \$3150 to \$2775.* And it seems even less expensive when you compare it to the price of a Jeep, Land Rover or Land Cruiser.

When inflation hits you, folks, you can't do better than a Volks.



*Suggested Retail Prices P.O.E.: Super Beetle \$2825, Dasher 2-dr sedan \$3975, 181 "Thing" \$2775 (West Coast prices slightly higher for these models). Local taxes and any other dealer delivery charges additional.

†Available at participating dealers.

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A black and white close-up portrait of Catherine Deneuve. She has light-colored hair pulled back, looking directly at the camera with a soft expression. Her hand is resting under her chin.

Catherine Deneuve for Chanel



CHANEL

Perfume in the classic bottle 11.00 to 400., Spray Perfume 8.50, Eau de Toilette 7.00 to 20.00, Eau de Cologne 5.00 to 20.00, and Spray Cologne 7.00.

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Credits on page 91

Next week

THE SPORTSMAN of the Year is unveiled—and extolled by George Plimpton!—In an issue that also celebrates our 20th anniversary and the last 20 years in sport, an era of unprecedented change and expansion. Ron Fennick reviews the passing parade; a gallery of memorable photographs depicts the great moments, the dominant figures, the turning points; and Bill Johnson previews the shape of things to come between now and the year 2000. Highlights of our regular coverage include Dan Jenkins' review of the NFL season, John Underwood's analysis of the college bowl games; and Mark Mulvoy's portrait of the feisty Philadelphia Flyers.

Newport

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**After all,
if smoking
isn't a pleasure,
why bother?**

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**Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.**

Shopwalk

by JAY CRONLEY

GAMESMANSHIP IN SANTA'S WORKSHOP —A MAN NEEDS A LOT OF NERF TO BUY

I took my 7-year-old daughter to the place where my mother once scouted my Christmas games, which was a neighborhood store where the proprietor capped puregore and topped cheeseburgers from behind the same apron.

"It's a pucking lot," my daughter said.
"Yes, but we can pitch pennies after five."
"Take me to Santa's workshop."

My daughter wants a football helmet because blocking gives her a headache; a stuffed-animal because the one they use for first base is dead; a football; and a football game for Rickey, since the quickest way to a boyfriend's heart is a direct pass. She says that the good thing about a football compared to a doll is that the football does not usually leak.

Whereas I selected games from the shelf beneath mouthwash, my daughter has the opportunity to observe games in a specialty store and be wanted on by a Toy Executive, who seems anxious to match a game to your psyche. If you are concerned about your mental capabilities, for example, you may train on *I.Q.* (Rens Game Inc., \$5.95—prices of this and the following games vary by store and state).

There are more games than there were 20 years ago, primarily because this society has come out against discrimination. Adults may now retain their imaginations because of an expanding adult game market, which provides an outlet for victory without accompanying tennis elbows.

My parents generally played cards until I went to bed; therefore I never knew what was wrong with my electric football game



until I was old enough to identify the aroma given off by beer. Teams moving right to left seemed to choke near the end zone. My father, competing into the night with other fathers, had spilled Coors around the 10-yard line.

Adults and/or executives may now hurl wadded requests for better working conditions through a tiny hoop similar to a basketball goal, which fastens onto a regulation executive trash can. Adults are now permitted to act their ages.

I left my daughter for a few minutes because my checkbook was in the car. By the time I returned, the games department had begun construction on three new shelves. There are more games than there were 20 minutes ago, never mind 20 years ago. There may be more games than there are ideas (*The God Game*, Start Your Own Religion, American Publishing Corp., \$6).

All my daughter and I were allowed to do was read the boxes of games, or shake them slightly, because everything was sealed. My daughter said Rickey would enjoy at least the boxes of: *Pro Draft* (Parker Brothers, \$8.99) because one of the kids on the box looks like the boy on the cover; *ABC Monday Night Football*, 1,480 play combinations (Aurora, \$11.88) because the child on the box is happy and the adult is morbid in obvious defeat; *NFL Electric Football* (Tudor, \$8.44) because it rattles loudest; *Pilot Pool* (Milton Bradley Co., \$18.99) because Lucille Ball is pictured saying "This is my favorite family game"; *Erel Kneisel Saint Stadium* (Ideal, \$13.88) because there is an ambulance on the box; or *Beat Detroit, The Game That Will Crack You Up* (Dynamic Design, \$8) because there are heaps of wrecked cars on the box.

Turning from the games we found two items that we could touch, Sport Craft table soccer (\$285), wrapped only by a clerk's scowl, and a Nerf football, which is smaller than a regulation football and approximately as soft as bananas.

Since there was nothing to do on the soccer table except spin handles and pretend, I told my daughter to run a post route. She ran what was almost a post-mortem route into tennis rackets. I chuckled her a Nerf, spiraling it over the dolls. We were obviously intercepted by a hidden camera.

"We do not become personal with, or heave about, the merchandise," a clerk said. "Even after we have bought it. That will be \$2.88 plus tax please."

I told my daughter that Rickey gets the purple Nerf.

She said there went her chances.

I said that when he gets to be 18, he can borrow my car and *TV Football* (Coloco, \$7.88), which is billed as *The Most Exciting Adult Game in Town*.

END



Should you give Kodak's newest, best XL movie camera? Or Kodak's newest, best movie projector?

Or both? If choose you must, the new Kodak XL360 movie camera makes a fine gift. It lets you take exciting color movies without movie lights and comes with power zoom lens and range-finder. And with Kodak type G Ektachrome 160 movie film, you can take movies indoors or out without changing the filter.

Then again, you might enjoy the handsome Kodak MovieDeck 475 projector. It's good-looking enough to leave out all the time. The 475 shows both 8mm and super 8 film at a variety of speeds and even has a special pull-out viewing screen.

The XL360 costs less than \$233; the MovieDeck 475 projector, less than \$225. See these and other fine Kodak XL cameras and MovieDeck projectors at your photo dealer's. From less than \$100.

Prices are subject to change without notice.



Kodak XL movie cameras/Kodak MovieDeck projectors

FOR YOUR FAMILY TREE

Watch the Kodak All-America Team Football Special, CBS, Sat., Dec. 14, 6:30-7 pm (EST)

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

At a time when publishers, like almost everyone, are concerned about an uncertain economy, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is happy to point out a silver lining in the sports-book marketplace. Along with the *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* Book Club we have two book publishing programs, one in cooperation with Time Inc.'s wholly owned subsidiary, Little, Brown & Co., the other with J. B. Lippincott. Little, Brown publishes diverse volumes in the sports field, add-

ing advance ordered by booksellers in Bryant's home country in the southeast like hunting grins. Orders have been so heavy that Little, Brown has gone back to the presses for a second and third printing, which is most unusual for a book that is not even out yet.

Roy Blount's *About Three Books* *As of a Fool*, an account of his six-month live-in with the Pittsburgh Steelers, is selling at a break rate, too. Blount is

pleased, of course, but says that one of the things he liked best about the assignment was that it let him fulfill a longtime ambition. "I slept from nine to five every day and then wrote all night."

Robbie Orr (M) came, by Mark Mulvey, also promises to deliver well," Fritinger says. "The book is replete with a type of photographs never attempted before in books: 1. sequential series of stroboscopic equipment, Photographs: Heinz Kneitner by flat on

the ice to capture Orr skating furiously toward him. While Bobby's blades sometimes missed, Kneitner's head by inches, Heinz got the exciting photographs he wanted.

"Still, the best excitement for us," says Little, Brown's Charles F. Vetter, is the acquisition of a good book. Underwood's Blount's Mulvey's Roger Fritinger's *The Complete Motorcyclist* (Novel Era Bowen's *Hans and Oskar* (Hans). He smiled. "Or the books we'll be putting out next year."

Sack Meyer



BESTSELLING HOW-TO BOOK

Through 1974, the *How To* books, numbering 24 titles, had sold more than 2 million copies. The top seller, says Tom Fritinger, manager of SI books, was Bill Talbot's *How To Win Tennis*. In the old days," Fritinger says, "football or baseball or hockey

could have led the parade. Now, participant sports are moving ahead. Future *How To*s will deal with handball, judo, quarterbacking, pinching, bowling, cross-country skiing, you name it.

Each of the trade publishers works closely with *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* to develop new books. Sometimes they need look no farther than the magazine itself. At least three of Little, Brown's recent titles originated in these pages: *The Underwood*, who has been following Coach Paul (Bear) Bryant and his Alabama football team for years has now put it all together in a book. It will be published in January and is be-

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However, subscription requests have been pouring in—and in response we are offering to members of the Time Inc. family—readers of PEOPLE, TIME, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, FORTUNE and MONEY—a special opportunity to order Christmas gift subscriptions: one year of PEOPLE for \$15. And we'll mail you gift announcement cards to sign and send personally.

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Among cars, there are
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And you can now
give it in a unique
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Gift-wrapped decanter or bottle at no extra charge.

SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRITCHTON

DOUBLE CROSS COUNTRY

The 1974 NCAA cross-country championships at Bloomington, Ind., will be remembered, if at all, for the runners who did not compete. Ohio State refused to send Tom Bryant, who finished fifth in the Big Ten meet and conceivably could have made All-America by finishing among the first 25 in the nationals, and Tom Byers, a good bet to make the Olympic team in the 1,500 meters. Fordham refused to send an entire team, although the Rams had the talent to finish respectably in the standings.

Various rationales were offered, but they can be reduced to two words, money and loss. The schools were not going to foot the bills for runners who were not quite good enough to win. That is sport?

THE CRITIC

The cover was missing, pages were shredded and there were teeth marks and claw prints on what remained of a book returned to the library at Linn-Benton Community College in Oregon. The book's title: *How to Keep Your Pet Healthy*. Hard to tell whether the beast liked it or hated it.

BANNING DRUNKEN DIVING

It is one more strand of red tape, which pleases nobody, but with so many deaths from drowning—some 125-150 each year in U.S. waters—the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors passed a law this fall requiring that scuba divers be licensed. The board, which estimates that a fourth of all U.S. divers live in Southern California, also made physical check-ups and license renewals mandatory every two years and, probably most important of all, made it illegal to dive within 24 hours of taking a drink containing alcohol. Many of the deaths have been attributed to diving after drinking.

"Divers are afraid the regulation will hurt the sport," said Lloyd Bridges, who starred in the TV show *Sea Hunt*, "but it is a law long overdue. It's a whole different environment out there in the

ocean. It takes getting used to—by stages—and drinking is just asking for trouble. Alcohol affects the brain to a much greater degree in the pressure under water. People who can handle a drink or two on the surface find themselves in life and death situations 30 feet below the surface."

WAY TO GO, OADS

Secretariat and Riva Ridge are champions after all. The problems they were supposed to be having as nascent sires can be traced to the strict technical language of the syndication agreements and not to sterility. Secretariat succeeded in impregnating 34 of 36 mares, Riva Ridge 27 of 33, impressive records for rookie stallions. Ordinarily, 75% success is considered good. If their get are anywhere near as proficient, sibling rivalry will be rampant at the 1978 Kentucky Derby.

FORMULA TO ENO A FRIENDSHIP

What began as a cooperative effort between the Sports Car Club of America and the United States Auto Club became so successful in its first year that—what else?—the two may not be cooperating again in 1975.

To keep car owners happy, and solvent, the two organizations co-sanctioned a professional Formula 5000 series this year in which the qualified cars cost considerably less to campaign than a USAC Championship Trail car or an SCCA Can-Am prototype. The series took off, and with Mario Andretti locked in a battle for the championship right down to the final race, promoters were able even to make some bank deposits in what was otherwise a lean year. In fact, the Formula 5000 did so well for the SCCA that the club abandoned its two other professional race series, canceling the Can-Am entirely and surrendering the Trans-Am to the fledgling International Motor Sports Association.

But then the SCCA's 1975 schedule was announced. The strongest reference to co-sanction was that "talks were in

progress." Back in Indiana USAC seemed to be wavering. In exchange for lending the series its publicity-generating drivers, all it got in return was an increase in the number of demands that it do something to cut the costs of Indy car racing, plus a little money.

If the USAC-SCCA cooperation collapses (the USAC claims it will not), that is about it for Formula 5000, and possibly for SCCA as a force in professional racing. Its driver roster is barren of promotable names. Little wonder that racing millionaire Richard Petty stacks almost exclusively with NASCAR.

NEVER TOO LATE

When he was in his 90s, Canadian golfer C. Arthur Thompson consistently scored under his age. He is 105 now and the recipient last month of one new honor, this one from the Uplands Golf Club of Victoria. A life membership.

HOT WORDS, COOL RECEPTION

Back in the locker room for prayers and inspiration before the season final against



Pittsburgh, Penn State got carried away—at least Greg Battle did.

First, Mike Hartenstein, the quiet Lion, spoke. Then Tom Donchez took over, and the sparks flew. He reminded the squad of its responsibilities, he told it what a victory would mean, he warned how devastating a defeat would be. He

continued



COULD YOUR CHILDREN PASS THIS GRADE SCHOOL ENERGY QUIZ? COULD YOU?

1. The average American uses ☐2 ☐4 ☐8 times as much energy as the average person in the rest of the world.
2. Which gives you more light from the same amount of energy: ☐one 75-watt bulb ☐three 25-watt bulbs?
3. The most abundant energy resource in this country is ☐natural gas ☐coal ☐oil.
4. Most gasoline in the U.S. is consumed on car trips of ☐under 5 miles ☐5 to 10 miles ☐over 10 miles.

Chances are, when you were in school, nobody asked questions like these. Because nobody thought the answers were important.

But children today are facing an increasingly energy-conscious, environment-conscious way of life. They must have the answers. And the sooner the better.

One promising approach to energy education is a pilot program for elementary and secondary school students developed by the Bolton Institute of Washington, D.C. The idea is to get youngsters involved in



"Tammy's right.
We learned it at school."

"Things sure have changed
since I went to school."*

energy-saving activities at home and through community workshops. It is being tested now in the New England states.

But there's much more to be done. Energy education needs the support of all of us to really take hold. That means community leaders, business people, teachers—and parents.

We're offering two booklets we think you and your children will find stimulating and fun: "Energy Conservation Experiments You Can Do", published by the Thomas Alva Edison Foundation; and "The Energy Challenge: What Can We Do?", published by Energy Conservation Research. For copies, write Conoco, Dept. C34, GPO Box 29, New York, New York 10001. And if you'd like to know more about the Bolton program and how it might be applied to your community, write directly to the Bolton Institute, 1835 K Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

Amount to size

1. 1/2 cup 2. 1/4 cup 3. 1/8 cup 4. 1/16 cup 5. 1/32 cup

*This is not a true statement and is not a statement of fact. It is a statement of opinion.

We put thought into this. Please, please, please, please.

Continental Oil Company

CONOCO

HOW TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE NOT BUYING A 1975 COLOR TV WITH A 1957 PICTURE TUBE.

In 1957 color television was in its infancy.

The color image was reproduced the simplest way possible.

FIRST GENERATION COLOR TV

Dots of red, blue and green were beamed onto a neutral color background.

Images were fuzzy.

Colors looked weak, soft, dull.

There were no subtleties. An object was either too red or too yellow. There was no in-between. True flesh tones were impossible.

Amazingly, there are color TV's on the market today still using this process.

SECOND GENERATION COLOR TV

Over the years, television technology advanced.

The second generation appeared: color dots on a jet black background.

The black background made the dots "pop." The color seemed sharper, brighter.

It was a definite improvement. But there was still room for more.

THIRD GENERATION COLOR TV

Then came a breakthrough. Color stripes.

You can get an incredible amount of color into a stripe.

Stripes make for a bright picture. With true-to-life color.

This is the newest method of reproducing a color TV image most manufacturers have.

But it's not the newest Toshiba has.

TOSHIBA'S FOURTH GENERATION COLOR TV

Toshiba's fourth generation

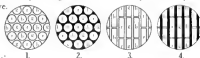
color TV combines the advantages of the previous two. The wealth of color of a stripe. Plus the sharpness and snap of a black background.



Resulting in a brighter, sharper, clearer color television image than was ever possible before.

This method was invented by Toshiba. It's called **BLACKSTRIFE™**.

If you'd like to prove BLACKSTRIFE's superiority to yourself, get your kid's box of crayons and color in the diagrams we've provided.



Toshiba BLACKSTRIFE sets are available in 9", 13", 15", and 19" screen sizes measured diagonally. Toshiba BLACKSTRIFE 1975 color television. With a 1975 picture tube.

C-335: Manufacturer's suggested retail price \$329.95. 13" picture measured diagonally. 900% solid state circuitry composed of 5 plug-in modules for better performance and easy servicing. Up-button automatically adjusts color balance, tan brightness, contrast and line tuning. Matching swivel stand included.



TOSHIBA

Toshiba America Electronic Corp., New York, N.Y. 10020

C-345: Manufacturer's suggested retail price \$399.95. 19" picture measured diagonally. Wide angle 131° tube. Stereo tuner. 100% solid state circuitry composed of 9 plug-in modules for best performance and easy servicing. Up-button automatically adjusts color balance, tan brightness, contrast and line tuning.

The Volvo 164

TRUE LUXURY IS MORE CAR TO THE FOOT. NOT MORE FEET TO THE CAR.

There are two kinds of luxury. The kind that makes a car fancy. And the kind that makes it better.

In times like these, you'd be smart to give serious thought to which one you choose. Consider the new Volvo 164.

Volvo knows that a comfortable driver is a better driver. Our bucket seats let you firm or soften the area at the small of your back. The driver's seat is heated. And air conditioning is standard.

Volvo thinks it's distracting to work when you drive. So the 164 comes equipped with power steering, power front windows, power disc brakes front and rear. And automatic transmission.

We do, however, admit to an occasional elegant indulgence. For example, the 164 furnishes you with genuine leather to sit on.

At a time when other car makers are singing the praises of opera windows, we believe Volvo offers a much more intelligent view of luxury.

VOLVO

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After dinner is reserved for Remy Martin.



Only after dinner can you devote the time and attention that Remy Martin cognac demands—and so richly repays. And no other cognac—no other drink—can so enhance your best hours.

Forget the compromises of the day.
After dinner is reserved for Remy Martin and you.

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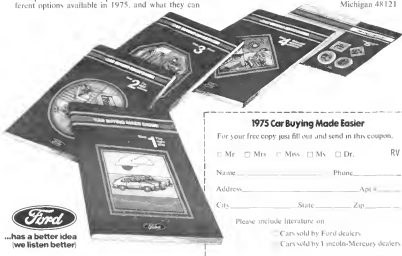
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because so worked up that words suddenly failed him. Donchez hurled his helmet against a locker. It bounced back and hit Buttle straight between the eyes, knocking him cold.

"Oh, God," said Coach Joe Paterno, "can't we even get through the team prayer without an injury?"

WHEELS THAT TAKE WING

Of all forms of transportation ever devised, there are few, apparently, as inefficient as the bicycle. The condition will not last much longer, though, say some inventor-designers who have been experimenting with vehicles that resemble variously a floating egg with human legs attached, a knight on his horse in full skirt and that old cheese box, the *Mositor*.

What each of these models is trying to get around is the drag that rider and bicycle create. Because neither is streamlined, they force air molecules to curve sharply around them in front and they pull swirling, thrashing cyclones of air along in back. Jack Lambie, a consultant to a California firm that is experimenting with truck shapes, estimates that on a 100-mile ride the average bicyclist pushes aside almost 10 tons of air. Any rider able to maintain 30 mph for the distance—the best achieve that rate only in spurts—would expend 92% of his energy moving molecules. Lambie has designed a shell to cover bike and rider that reaches to within six inches of the ground, reduces drag by 27%, and has been tested at 35 mph.

Chester Kyle, a professor of mechanical engineering, has his *Teledyne Titan*. It too is fitted with a shell, aluminum, that encloses man and machine. Test ridden in a hallway a furlong long, it achieved a reduction of 60% drag. Rider Ron Skarin has reached over 40 mph on the Titan. Kyle, Lambie and several others will get together this spring for a race that most likely will qualify for some sort of world record. Eventually, Lambie predicts, somebody will do 100 on a bike. With a patrol car right behind, no doubt.

TIME FOR REFORM

Legal maneuvering on both sides has postponed for a while, perhaps indefinitely, the showdown between Frank (Pancho) Martin and New York State Racing Association stewards. The leading trainer in the state, Martin had been suspended for 60 days on charges that

he ran two horses whose postrace tests came back positive.

The case has its disturbing aspects. For one, the stewards appeared to be picking on Martin, a wheeler-dealer from Cuba who claims a lot of horses, some of them owned by friends of the Establishment that controls New York racing. Last summer two old friends of the powers that be, Allen Jerkens and Tommy Root, ran horses that came back positive, too, but rather than ban the two trainers the stewards called in the FBI and a frantic search was undertaken in the stable area at Belmont to nail mysterious outsiders who were shooting up the horses. None was found.

The fact is, everybody in racing knows that it is impossible to keep horses in training over today's long seasons without using all kinds of medicine to alleviate bleeding, soreness, inflammation and various other infirmities to which racehorses are prone. But the very word "drug" has an offensive ring. So the tracks go on testing for medications that generally have no effect on a horse's speed, and trainers have a *Damocles'* sword hanging over their heads. They have to use medicines to stay in business, the medicines have to be out of the horses' systems by post time and nobody can say how long that will take, each horse's metabolism being different.

Justice should be evenhanded, and it can be only if there are uniform rules and standards, for both men and drugs. Martin may not be loved, but he has a just claim in the game.

WHAT'S IN THE NAME? NOTHING

The *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* headline said, TAYLOR BONES SHIP ON AMATEUR CARD. That was Sam Taylor against Benjamin Stiff. Taylor turned out to be the stiff.

BASTILLE OAYS

Ugly doings among the lily pads. The bass are all right. They just go about their business, stealing lures and wrapping lines around sunken logs and old Franklin stoves. It's the fishermen. Nobody but nobody is trusting anyone these days.

First there was the \$18,000 bass-fishing tournament last May in Florida. The publisher, vice-president and field editor of *American Bass Fish Magazine* have been charged with rigging it by catching a mess of bass the week before the contest, stoning the fish in tanks and then

giving them to unindicted co-conspirators to present to contest judges as legitimate catches. Allegedly, the anglers with an angle turned over half their winnings to the accused, who last week denied everything.

The organizers of another big Florida bass bash, something called the \$100,000 World Championship of Bass Fishing held several weeks ago near Lake Wales, were taking no chances. They laid on a lie detector test, an X-ray machine to check the largest bass for lead pellets or other weight-inducing additives and tranquilizers to keep the bass quiet while being weighed. Still they got snookered.

In a classic case of "local knowledge," Jim Melvin of St. Petersburg and Larry Singleton of Tampa labored for two days before the tournament clearing a hyacinth-clogged canal into a lake. They gambled that by the time their secret fishing hole had been discovered they would be home rich. How right they were. Melvin, quite legally, won \$20,000 for his catch—the limit of 20 bass, weighing in at 44 pounds, 11 ounces. Singleton, within the law, too, picked up \$10,000 as runner-up with a total eight pounds lighter. The money, they said, beat the going two-day rate for canal clearing.

The lie detector test? The top 10 producers, who reeled in \$65,000 collectively, sailed through polygrapher Ben Bennet's searching questions without a flicker. But the X-ray machine never arrived and the plan to tranquilize the fish was aborted when all 1,000 or so were brought in at the same time. Most of the bass were released, presumably to test fishermen—and liars—another day.

THEY SAID IT

- Jack Mildren, New England defensive back, on his familiarity with the offensive tendencies of his old team, the Colts: "They know I know and I know they know I know, but I don't know how much I know."
- Dennis Awrey, Phoenix Suns center, glancing at a box score that showed him 0 for 7 from the floor: "I wasn't aware I had a perfect night."
- Remsen Becker, Newark College of Engineering basketball coach, discussing his team: "I've been waiting for three years to lose some players. I'm happy to report this year we have only three lettermen returning."

END

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Birmingham's George Mira fired key passes, was the game's MVP, but still drew the crowd's ire.

WORLD BOWL IN CRISIS

The battered WFL made it to the end of a long, disheartening season when the Americans' stirring 22-21 win over the Blazers took everybody's mind off the league's fiscal problems—for the moment, anyway **by JOE MARSHALL**

This one was not for all the money. In fact, it was for very little money. World Bowl I was brought to you live last week from Birmingham, Ala., courtesy of the Internal Revenue Service. The IRS, it seems, had decided that a piece of the pie was better than no pie at all, so it allowed the hometown Americans, who had owed the Federal Government as much as \$237,000 in back taxes, to play the game at Birmingham's Legion Field in return for a share of the gate. The Americans seized the opportunity to

score a thrilling 22-21 win over the Florida Blazers. For their efforts they were rewarded with the World Bowl trophy, championship rings they had extorted from their owner and a 60% share of whatever is left of the gate after the IRS and several other creditors pick it over.

Sizing up the two teams before the World Bowl, it was hard to think in terms of their on-field success. After all, no player on either squad had received a regular paycheck for weeks, although Florida perhaps had an edge in experience

here since it had gone without money twice as long as Birmingham. Both teams had discussed possible franchise shifts. Both were looking for new financing. Both had popular coaches, Birmingham's Jack Goetta and Florida's Jack Pardee, who had dipped into their own pockets to give to the company store. Goetta had bought his team a pregame meal. Pardee and his assistants took turns supplying toilet paper for their clubhouse. Clearly, the game was a toss-up.

Florida had become the sentimental



Florida's Tammy Reaman, the league's leading rusher, started his team's fourth-quarter comeback.

favorite because of its greater deprivation. Pardee, who may very well be a head coach in the NFL next season, should be named the coach of all time for keeping the Blazers within sight of a championship or, for that matter, for keeping them within sight. The Florida ownership last paid its players and coaches on Sept. 6, and some of those checks bounced. Rumors were continually circulating about franchise moves and the possibility of fresh supplies of money. The managing general partner sued the owner. The owner sued the managing general partner.

Matters came to a head during the playoffs, when it was announced that the often-postponed sale of the team to a group headed by businessman Robert Prentice finally had been consummated. The players were even given a peek at a \$1.5-million check that supposedly

would solve all their financial woes. Shortly thereafter news came that the sale had been delayed again. It became public knowledge that the purchasing group's spokesman, Coleman Taylor, was a convicted felon, recently paroled after serving almost a year on charges of transporting a stolen car across a state line. A few days before their semifinal game against the Memphis Southmen, one of the few solidly financed teams in the WFL, and the hot favorite to win the World Bowl, the Blazer players had to accept the reality that they were not going to be paid then, and probably never.

"The players have been dumped on by the league and by the Blazer ownership," said Quarterback Bob Davis. "We're mad now." Linebacker Larry Ely said, "We want to win the World Bowl and take the World Bowl trophy and shove it back at the WFL." In the playoff Mem-

phis took a quick 15-0 lead and held it through the half, but Florida persisted and eventually won 18-15 to go on to Birmingham.

The World Bowl was originally scheduled to take place the Friday after Thanksgiving as the culmination of a four-team tournament. For a brief time the field grew to six teams, then to eight, which was highly democratic since it appeared that only nine franchises were going to be playing at the end of the season. Then, amid cries to abolish the playoffs altogether and declare Memphis the champion, the format was reduced to three teams—Eastern Division winner Florida, Central Division winner Memphis and Central Division runner-up Birmingham. This was not greeted with overwhelming enthusiasm by Western Division champion Southern California. There was another requesting to include

continued

the Sun and the other second-place clubs, Hawaii in the West and Charlotte in the East, only somehow Philadelphia, which finished third in the East, qualified instead of Charlotte. It was suggested that the playoff teams had been chosen by placing collect calls to all the clubs and admitting those that accepted them.

Philadelphia lost in the first round to Florida. Three of Southern California's best players, Kermit Johnson, James McAlister and Booker Brown, neglected to show for the Sun's game with the Hawaiians, claiming that missed payroll dates had voided their contracts. The Sun lost 32-14. The Hawaiians then lost to the Americans, Florida upset Memphis, and so the World Bowl game came to Birmingham. Three days before the game, the Birmingham players announced that they would not play and walked out of practice, demanding five weeks of unpaid wages. A day later they relented and went back to work when Birmingham Owner Bill Putnam promised them they would receive championship rings if they won.

The way the game started, Putnam did not seem in any danger of having to visit a jeweler. Florida took the opening kickoff and marched 51 yards to the Birmingham five. Tommy Reamon, the marvelously elusive runner who is the league's leading rusher, swept right and dived over a pack of bodies into the end zone. At some point he fumbled the ball. It appeared that he had it until he hit the ground, which meant a touchdown, but the officials ruled that he had lost control before crossing the goal line. The play was ruled a touchback and Birmingham took over at its 20. That seemed to take all the starch out of Florida. Commenting on the play later, Blazer Linebacker Billy Hobbs said, "The WFL officiating is even worse than not getting paid."

Birmingham scored twice in the second quarter and again at the start of the second half for a 22-0 lead. After the second touchdown Gotta replaced starting Quarterback George Mira with his alternate, 6'4", 225-pound Matthew Reed, for the WFL's action point after touchdown. A touchdown is worth seven points; the action point, which cannot be kicked, is worth one. Reed rolled right and ran straight at Defensive Back Miller Farr, who was waiting at the goal line. Farr had a better chance of receiving a pay-

check than he had of stopping Reed, who plowed through him for the point, a vitally important one, as it turned out.

The score remained 22-0 until the start of the fourth quarter. If the Blazers had accepted their fate, had quickly run out the last 15 minutes of a three-month nightmare and had gone off in search of gainful employment, who could have blamed them? But on the opening play of the final quarter, Davis, running from a blitzing linebacker, lobbed a ball down the right sideline to Reamon who scurried to the end zone to complete a 39-yard play. Davis tried to throw to Wide Receiver Matt Maslowski for the action point but the pass was batted down.

Then, midway through the quarter the Blazers moved 73 yards to a second touchdown, Davis picking up the last 40 on a play-action pass to Tight End Greg Latta. This time Florida tried an option to the left on the action point, but Middle Linebacker Warren Capone stopped Running Back Cliff McClain short of the goal line, leaving the Blazers a touchdown and a point behind.

With 4½ minutes left the Blazers forced the Americans to punt. Rod Foster, who played his collegiate football at Harvard, fielded the ball at the Florida 24, ran immediately into a gaggle of tacklers, spun completely around and somehow slipped away to sprint 76 yards for the score. Now one point behind, the Blazers went to their strength for the action point, sending Reamon on a simple sweep to the right. Again Capone, with help from Randy Lee and Larry Estes, made the stop.

Still, 4:14 remained. Pardee elected to try a semi-on-side kick, past the first line of defenders but short of the second. It failed, and Birmingham took over at the Florida 48.

The crowd was down on Mira now, even though he would be named World Bowl MVP, and was yelling for big Reed. Gotta put him in. At the two-minute warning the Americans faced a third and nine at the Florida 37. Reed faded to pass and was about to be sacked when he broke free up the middle. Several Blazers had a shot at him but, as on the action point, he proved too strong and dragged tacklers to the 25 for a first down. That was the *coup de grâce*. The Americans played out the clock to win their 13th game without a loss at Legion Field.

Out of frustration, the Blazers ended the game with a fight on almost every one of the last few plays. And after the gun sounded Florida Cornerback Billy Hayes raced toward the Blazer dressing room under the end-zone stands with the game ball. Birmingham Tackle Paul Costa chased him, and several players from both teams chased the two of them. A shoving match started underneath the stands. Here were all these players who hadn't been paid in weeks fighting over a football. The Blazers got it into their dressing room to finish the skirmish.

No matter. The Americans secured another, and, speaking for the whole team, Linebacker Ross Brupbacher said, "The game ball goes to the city of Birmingham. I hope they bring us back here next year to play with it."

Next year, of course, there will have to be a great deal more money available if the WFL is to be in Birmingham or any other city. On the day before the World Bowl, Oakland Quarterback Kenny Stabler, who last spring signed to play with the Americans beginning in 1976, filed suit to void the contract because Birmingham had failed to make \$30,000 in bonus payments on schedule. The day after the game, sheriff's deputies confiscated Birmingham's uniforms on behalf of a creditor, and there were plans afoot to confiscate the Americans' office furniture, too.

That was typical of the situation in most league cities. After a successful first part of the season the teams ran out of money and credibility. Houston moved to Shreveport. New York moved to Charlotte. Detroit listed 122 debts in filing for bankruptcy. Not one of the five teams that came to Shreveport to play was able to pay its hotel bill. Jacksonville went out of business, and some of its players were talking of filing fraudulent and decent suits against the team's former owner and the WFL. The IRS filed a lien against the Sharks' holdings and those of the Portland Storm. Alan R. Miller, executive director of the WFL Players Association, estimated that something between \$4 million and \$7 million in compensation was still owed by the various franchises to their players. The figure of \$20 million in total debt around the league seemed reasonable.

The WFL was supposed to present a \$10,000 purse to the league MVP at half-time of the World Bowl. Three rookie

pros—Reamon, Running Back J. J. Jennings of Memphis and Quarterback Tony Adams of Southern California—tied for the award, and got \$3,333.33 each. Some said the winners would have a choice of taking a WFL check in that amount or a WFL franchise. To spare itself the ridicule that checks would inspire the league got the cash and arranged for armed Wells Fargo guards to bring the money to the field.

Toward the end of the season only three teams, Memphis, Philadelphia and Hawaii, were able to meet their payrolls, and their owners, John Bussett, John Bosacco and Sam Battistone, were considered the only men in the league capable of fielding teams in 1975. "At this point the league has no credibility," said Bussett. As if to confirm that, Eddie Einhorn, the president of TVS, which televises WFL games, reported that he had been unable to sell a single additional

minute of advertising time after the league started having its troubles.

In the pursuit of credibility, the more substantial owners took over control of the league from its founder and first commissioner, Gary Davidson, who resigned in November. The new WFL president, Chris Hemmeter, a part owner of the Hawaiians who will divest himself of that interest in January, has come up with a revolutionary plan to put the league on solid financial footing. Hemmeter says he thought of his plan while in the shower. At least he wasn't taking a bath.

Hemmeter suggests that future WFL owners invest enough money initially to ensure their team's survival through five years of minimal support. He suggests that travel costs, officiating costs and stadium rentals be paid in advance. Most radically, he proposes that a player be signed for a percentage of the team's income; if an owner wants to give a player

an amount beyond that percentage, the money must be put in escrow. To guarantee that all teams are complying with these rules, their books will be reviewed by a league comptroller every two weeks.

"The only thing that's going to cure the World Football League is dollars," says Hemmeter. "Equity dollars, not debt dollars. We can't solve our problems by borrowing. Our first step is to provide the proper environment for investment. Right now the credibility of the league stinks, but under this plan we have a credible business deal." Because there are only three stable franchises at the moment, Hemmeter will merely ask interested owners to put money in escrow for their purchases until there are enough solid investors to reestablish the league.

The critical period is the next 90 days. It is a long shot. If the league cannot find investors, World Bowl I will be the one World Bowl.

END



Chris Hemmeter, new WFL president, has a novel plan for revival.



Checks being suspect, Wells Fargo guards listed cash for MVP awards.

A BONUS FOR WORKING OVERTIME

The game began in the afternoon and looked as if it might continue through the night, but Howard finally edged hometown St. Louis in the fourth extra period to win the NCAA soccer championship **by JOE JARES**

In the NCAA championship soccer match held last Saturday in St. Louis' Busch Memorial Refrinator, Howard University's starting eleven consisted of one Ghanaian, three Jamaicans, three Trinidadians and four Nigerians. An official of Howard, a predominantly black school located in Washington, D.C., explained this situation. You see, in the look-ma-no-hands sport of soccer, the U.S. is still an underdeveloped nation. If Nigeria gets the expert advice of an American engineer, why shouldn't it return the favor by lending us an outside left? Just a simple matter of helping an emerging country emerge a little faster.

How nice for Howard that one out of every six students on its campus is a foreigner and that its soccer coach, Lincoln Abraham Phillips, is from Trinidad. How nice that while doing a little reverse Peace Corps work on the poverty-strick-

en soccer fields of the U.S., Howard's fancy-footed foreigners could also win an NCAA title, beating all-American, all-white St. Louis U. in four overtimes 2-1.

St. Louis U. is traditionally the collegiate soccer powerhouse in this country, mostly because Catholic boys in that city grow up playing the sport in their parishes, continue in high school and then, if they are adept enough, move on to the varsity at the Jesuit university, which does not have a football team. The team is white not because of bigotry but because soccer is essentially a Catholic sport in St. Louis and the blacks live in the poorer city parishes which cannot afford to field soccer teams. The Billikens, as they are nicknamed (a Billiken is a praxiote creature), have won 10 of the 16 NCAA tournaments, including two in a row four different times.

There was considerable grumbling in Busch Stadium when they failed once again to get that third straight title. The gist of the gripes was that it was somehow unfair for these fine boys from the local parishes to have to play a West Indies-Africa all-star team. The gripers conveniently forgot that the St. Louis U. ice hockey team was laced with Canadians and that the soccer team had fielded at least two foreigners in the past.

Howard's use of foreign soccer players became pronounced almost 30 years ago when a quarter-miler from Jamaica persuaded a coach named Ted Chambers to start a soccer club. At first, white teams would not play the Bisons, who had to settle for matches against the various Washington embassy staffs. Finally, in 1950, Bloomsburg State agreed to play and soccer went on an intercollegiate basis at Howard. To succeed him in 1971, Chambers recruited Lincoln Phillips, player-coach of the pro Washington Darts of the North American Soccer League. Since then, Howard's record is 66-3-3.

Howard beat St. Louis for the nation-

al championship in 1971, but the NCAA later vacated the title when it was claimed that two of Howard's players from Trinidad had already completed their eligibility in their home country. Howard fought the action in court but lost, and the school was ineligible for the championship tournament in 1973, the only year since Phillips arrived that the Bisons have not qualified for the final four.

Howard went into this year's NCAA semifinals with a 17-0 record, having outscored its opponents 71-9. Phillips felt it was a much better team than his 1971 club. "Then we had two men—Keith Aquia and Alvin Henderson—who had 54 goals between them," he said. "Trouble was, if you stopped them, you stopped us. Now we have one man with 12, another with 11 and on down to six. Balance. That is why we're better."

"They're very fast," said Harry Ke-

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN D. KAMICH



In the early going it was all St. Louis U.



ough, the St. Louis coach. "They have a lot of individual brilliance, quite a bit of confidence in their ability to take a man on one on one."

In the semifinals Thursday night, when the air was chilly and the AstroTurf slack, Howard met Hartwick College of Oneonta, N.Y., a team made up mostly of Americans. Howard's Michael Ian Bain, one of the three Trinidadians, played an outstanding game, the Bison was much faster and won 2-1.

St. Louis had much more trouble in the other semi, against UCLA, the perennial West Coast representative. The Bruins used to come as the Ethiopian national team thinly disguised but have cut down on imports lately. Still, an Iranian with the marvelous name of Firooz Forouzi was their leading scorer, and even UCLA players living California hometowns had names like Giovanni Mayorga, Sergio Velazquez and Sigi Schmid.

A pitifully small crowd of 2,921 watched St. Louis run off to a 2-0 half-time lead. UCLA got one goal back and then the Billikens' freshman goalie, Rob Vallerio, slipped while taking a free kick out of the penalty area, and UCLA's Velazquez kicked the ball into an unguard-

ed net. The game went into a second overtime and St. Louis was lucky to win. The Bruins' Joe Pronk was caught using his hands in the penalty area, and Billiken Bruce Hudson, a member of the U.S. Olympic team, booted in the penalty kick.

It was drizzly and just as cold Saturday afternoon for the finals, which drew only 3,802 hardy souls. Before the match a special truck cruised back and forth over the artificial turf sucking up gallons of water and then spewing it out in Busch Stadium's remote corners.

St. Louis passed beautifully in the first half, outrunning Howard and shielding the ball cleverly. Frustrated Howard players, getting to the center of action a little late, kept making contact with Billikens rather than the ball and drew the unusual total of 20 fouls. St. Louis was attacking Howard's goal constantly but still finished the half leading only 1-0, after Fullback Don Droege kicked the ball through a crowd past Howard Goalie Trevor Leiba. Taking proper advantage of all their thrusts, the Billikens might have been leading by as much as 4-0.

Howard played smarter in the second

half, not trying to guard the Billikens tightly all over the field, but instead dropping back in a sort of zone defense, letting St. Louis have its way at midfield but clogging things up when the Howard goal was threatened. Midway through the half Ayomi Bamiro, a substitute from Nigeria, tied the score with a header, and so it remained to the end of regulation time.

For a while it seemed the teams, now playing under the lights, would challenge the NCAA record for overtimes—10. The first, second and third 15-minute periods went by with some close calls but no cigar. One Howard shot hit the crossbar, another hit the left goalpost. Finally, shortly after the start of the fourth overtime, Howard's Richard Davy worked his way in close to the St. Louis goal on the left side, crossed the ball toward the goalmouth and Striker Kenneth Iloagwe of Nigeria kicked it as from only about four feet away. Howard had beaten St. Louis in its own backyard, and it was not likely that the NCAA would vacate the title this time.

"We can play this game," shouted one Howard player, and for at least a year no one could argue with him. **END**

Howard tied the score in the second half on a header by the leaping Ayomi Bamiro, after which a herd of Bison players got together in the St. Louis goal to celebrate the event.



THE GOLDEN STATE OF RICK BARRY

Once scorned for being a gunner—and a traitor—he is now the leader of a harmonious team that is confounding the NBA **by RON REID**

On the court his facial expressions range from pure Buster Keaton to the tortured look of an opera buff at an Alice Cooper gig, and they all serve to disguise the fact that this is the happiest of all his nine pro basketball seasons for Rick Barry of the Golden State Warriors.

Of course, things have never been quite what they seemed with Barry, the 6'7½" forward with radar-accurate shooting

skill. He has been bad-mouthed on both coasts, booed in cities between and branded as a guy with dollar signs where his soul should be. Yet he has never flat out reneged on a contract, nor asked that one be renegotiated, and he currently relishes his nonpaying role as team-elected captain. If he fails to reveal the fun his profession affords him, it is only because he smiles in competition about as often as he misses a free throw.

Barry practices his trade best as a scorer, and he has known the hostility directed toward that talented breed ever since his first pro season (1965-66), when he was named NBA Rookie of the Year. Ignoring the statistics enumerating his assists and steals, fans grumbled about his seemingly indifferent defense—which wasn't all that bad—or asserted that Barry would sooner give blood than give the ball to a teammate.

Most of all, however, Barry has stuck in the public mind as the epitome of the disloyal moneygrubber ever since he jumped from the Warriors to the ABA Oakland Oaks seven seasons ago. Other basketball players—and athletes in other sports—have since jumped teams after breakfast and before dinner on some days, but Barry, who led the way, remains in contempt, not a pioneer but





Center Clifford Ray, obtained from the Bulls, added Attles' instinct to Warrior chemistry.

a Hessian, marching only to the sound of the fullest cash register.

"That reputation really bothers me," Barry says, "because I think it's unfair. I've never played one league against another, like some guys, and I'm not even one of the 25 highest-paid players in the NBA, but people brand me as money-hungry. [Barry's current salary is around \$218,000, and if that seems high it probably doesn't match the earnings of an Elmore Smith or a John Brisker, let alone that of an established superstar.] I guess I've inherited the reputation because I was the first name player to go to the ABA, but I went purely because Bruce Hale [Barry's collegiate coach and father-in-law] was there. If he hadn't been general manager of that team, there's no way I ever would have gone to Oakland. Everyone thinks it was because of

the money, but I know that I could have asked [Warrior owner] Franklin Mieuli for the same amount, and after he gulped two or three times, he would have given it to me.

"I've had sportswriters take out personal vendettas against me because I jumped. I was branded a traitor, which disappointed me more than anything, but I've accepted it. Adverse publicity has never affected my game. And one thing, no matter what they said about me, no one could ever criticize my ability to play the game."

Indeed, even when public scorn was at its height, only fools impugned Barry's talents, which have reached a pinnacle of all-round excellence in this, his 30th year and ninth active season. Last week his 32.9 scoring average was the NBA's highest, he led the Warriors in assists, steals and minutes played, and his free-throw shooting, which has always been remarkable, has moved up

to astonishing. In his first 151 attempts from the line, Barry made 138 for a .914 percentage.

"I can't envision anyone playing better than Barry is right now," says Warrior Coach Al Attles, whose surprising club leads the Pacific Division despite the loss over the past six months of Nate Thurmond, Clyde Lee, Jim Barnett, Joe Ellis and Cazzie Russell through trades, release or the kind of front-office ineptitude that once made the franchise a Bay Area joke. Mieuli, in one of the few smart moves anyone remembers him making, turned personnel matters over to Dick Verlieb, his new general manager, before the season started, and Verlieb quickly signed the team's first three draft choices, including UCLA's Keith Wilkes, the No. 1 pick, who is having a fine season at forward.

Barry's statistics are not the only reason for his internal harmony this season. He has always scored a ton of points for whatever team he played for and rated high in the game's less obvious facets as well.

His relationship with his teammates is helping Barry to have his finest season. He is the key to the Warriors' success, and the team's newfound "chemistry" comes from the fact that everyone realizes this, accepts it and is determined to make whatever combinations are required work. The chemistry is a subject that arises whenever anyone discusses the team.

With the departure of Russell, who, a Bay Area reporter once said, "dove after a loose ball in stages," and the Thurmond trade, which brought Center Clifford Ray to Golden State from Chicago, the chemical reaction was begun. Where there was no love lost between Barry and Russell, Barry and Ray soon became good friends. The personalities of all the Warriors have since blended together better than Scotch and water. While the new chemistry may not, in the end, prove potent enough to bring an NBA title to Oakland this year, it obviously has worked wonders for Warrior peace of mind, so much so that Attles is leery of making trades, even deals

continued

Often overlooked is Barry's ability to move well without the ball, as here against The Jazz.

that might improve the team, lest he diminish its spirit. As an example of unity, the Warriors substitute cheer the starters like a bunch of rabid undergrads, and Barry, who used to regard practices with much the same affection he might bestow on cold vases, now seems to revel in the team's workouts. That the whole thing sounds slightly cornball makes it no less real.

"There are a super group of guys on this team," Barry said on the eve of a game in Phoenix last week. "Players who put the team ahead of self. I think basketball is the epitome of team sport anyhow, and we've got players now who complement one another for the sake of the team. Team success is what everyone here is after. I've never seen a guy down on himself after he had a bad performance, as long as we won. In the past he might have been more concerned about his poor shooting, and even if we had happened to win the game he wouldn't have been any happier."



First draft pick Wilkes has been a big plus

In the opinion of Jeff Mullins, the Warriors' veteran guard, Barry is playing so well because he is under such great pressure. "It appears to me that he performs best in situations where the whole thing is on his shoulders," says Mullins. "It's back to that for us now. Last year there was some doubting. If he missed his first five shots or so, Cazzie would come in. The situation upset him. Now there's no question in my mind that this is the best I've ever seen him play, with more desire, intensity, leadership and everything else. He's the key. Everyone expects him to get the big basket. He can carry a team to great heights and he's shared himself with the younger players. I'm his biggest fan. He's a pleasure to watch."

"Pressure is something you put on yourself," Barry says. "I could shoot the same shot with one second left to play or early in the first quarter, and one really would be no different than the other. But one second left to play—that's the time when I really like to have the ball. If you miss, no one boos you for being a bum, and if you make it, you're the hero of the game. I'm under more pressure trying to sink a five-foot putt for a 52 Nassau."

If Barry shrugs off the idea of pressure so casually, he has assumed his role as team captain with deadly seriousness.

"It meant a great deal to me to be chosen before the season began," he says. "I'd never been a captain before, and I thought if I ever was going to be, this was the year. When I saw the attitude of the guys in training camp, I made up my mind to show them that I wanted it. It's more than me going out and shaking hands with the opposing captain before the game starts. By my taking an active role and pointing out mistakes, we can be more successful. I told my teammates I would criticize them at times, but it would be from a constructive standpoint. If I can make a guy a better player, it makes us a better team. The guys have been great because they've accepted it. No one gets upset."

Nor are the Warriors troubled by racial disharmony, which might have been expected on a club whose blacks outnumber whites 10 to 2. "We haven't had any such problems," Barry says. "Those that existed back when I was in college don't exist as much for the younger players today. Consequently, I don't

think these fellows have any deep-seated racial prejudice. We like each other for what we are, not for the color of our skins."

"I was kidding Charlie Johnson the other day, saying, 'Don't tell me about you guys being put down. You had all the great detectives, didn't you? There was Boston Blackie, Sam Spade, The Shadow....' It's a great atmosphere. It's the first time I've been on a team where a black guy will call me to ask if I want to go to eat. In Portland a few weeks ago, we got in and we all just went out and ate. That used to be unheard of. I think it's super."

"He really accepted the responsibility of the captain's role and has made it work," Atiles says in his deep bass voice. "He leads by example and he's even toned himself down a little bit. He's tried to take a less active posture emotionally. He still gets upset with the officials, but he doesn't work at trying to fight them."

For longtime Barry-watchers, the curbed temper may be the biggest turnaround of the year. Once the tempestuous bainer of referees in both leagues, Barry has comported himself this season with admirable, if not rigid, restraint. In a game last week against the New Orleans Jazz, an expansion team playing like one, Barry was called for a personal foul and at once flashed his old look of anger, disgust and disbelief at the referee. Called for another foul eight seconds later, he was Mr. Cool. Ultimately, the Warriors won 122-101, with Barry scoring 32 points.

To a man, the Warriors admit that they have less individual talent than last year's club, yet they feel their collective accomplishment may be greater. Apparently the fans agree, since attendance is almost 20,000 ahead of last season's.

It has also been theorized that with the acquisition of Ray, the aggressive center who hopes to teach drama when his playing days are over, the Warriors now have a killer instinct embodied in someone other than Barry. In the past the Warriors were known as a collection of nice guys lacking the internal viciousness, or whatever, to scrap to a title. But even now, the new look does not work all the time. Just when it appeared that Golden State had lost the patsy image, it came back to haunt the team last week in Phoenix.

Up by 10 points with 5:25 left in the

continued

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“Every night, I went home after work and turned on my TV set. ‘How was your day, Walter?’ I would say. ‘The cost of living is rising,’ the anchorman would say. ‘You’re so right!’ I would say. Then I found Vat Gold.

It had that famous Vat 69 label on the outside. What was on the inside was even better. And the price tag! I had to read it twice to believe it. I guess Walter doesn’t know about the cost of Vat Gold. At last I could afford to entertain. Now, real live three-dimensional people are in my living room every evening. Good night, Walter?”

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fourth quarter, the Warriors ran out of gas and finally lost to the Suns in double overtime, 108-106. "This has to be the least intelligent basketball game we've played," Attles said.

Barry's 30 points marked the 18th time in 23 games he had hit that total or higher, but it was little solace. He played 53 of the 58 minutes, but had to rest on the bench for almost three minutes of the final overtime. "I was tired the whole game," he said. "I had to push myself to get moving. I slept 13 hours—maybe it was too long."

All of which suggests two obvious questions: Can Barry sustain his high-powered performances throughout an entire season? And what happens to the Warriors if he gets hurt?

As to the former, Mullins says, "I remember when he led the NBA in scoring in 1967. If someone held him to 18 points one night, the next night he'd go for 50. He might have one bad game, but not two or three in a row. This season has been the same way."

"If something happened that took him away for a long period of time," Attles says, "we'd have a problem. Over a short period I think we could sustain it. Lose your best player, you've got to suffer."

Whatever happens, Barry plans to play out his career with the Warriors before taking up broadcasting, a sideline at which he has already enjoyed some success. "If I don't have any injuries, I could play two or three more years and still be productive," he says. "Beyond that, who knows?"

Away from basketball, Barry appears to have resolved the personal problems which have caused several brief separations from his wife Pam. They recently adopted a 6-week-old daughter, Shannon Leigh, to complete a basketball-sized family with their four sons—Scooter, 8; John, 5; Brent, 3; and Drew, 1.

"Right now, enjoying life has become more important to me," Barry says. "I'm really getting to enjoy my kids, so I take more time to be with them because they grow up so fast. I'd like to be on a championship team. But if that doesn't happen, it won't be the end of the world. I was a loner a lot more in the past. Doing things with people now is more important to me."

What Barry does with the people in Warrior uniforms will bear watching all season long.

END

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HIS INVESTMENT IS GOING UP

Malcolm Forbes is about to undertake a manned balloon flight across the Atlantic end, considering the extent of his technical preparations, seems likely to go down only in history **by VIRGINIA KRAFT**

At a recent hot-air balloon race near Fort Lauderdale, Fla., publisher-sportsman Malcolm S. Forbes, 55, set his red and gold, lighter-than-air craft down on a fairway of a local golf course and climbed out of the basket to learn he had won first place in the "hare and hounds" event. Crowds of the curious, who always materialize when a hot-air balloon drifts into view, swarmed around, offering congratulations and asking questions of the tall, trim man in gold slacks and a red shirt with a patch reading "Forbes Balloon Ascension Division," an outfit exactly matching those of the half a dozen crewmen who had followed his flight in a Mercedes bus and were now disman-

tling the basket and rolling up the collapsed balloon.

As paunchy tourists in Bermuda shorts snapped Instamatics and a local reporter jockeyed for position with an aging, bikini-clad blonde, Forbes squinted behind thick-lensed glasses and stood patiently answering questions. He explained that in this type of race several balloons—the hounds—chase an advance balloon—the hare—and the hound that lands closest to the hare wins; that the fuel used in the burners is propane; that there is no steering mechanism on a balloon; that the only directions the pilot controls are up and down. By the time he reached this point the balloon was stowed in the Mer-

cedes and the crowd was beginning to thin. A well-dressed middle-aged woman worked her way to Forbes' side.

"Tell me," she asked, "does the old gentleman still fly?" Forbes looked blank for a moment. "You know," the woman said, "the one who flew across the country in a balloon."

"Oh him?" Forbes said, chuckling. "He must be close to 100 by now."

While the boys in red shirts and gold pants collapsed with laughter, someone whispered to the woman that the "old gentleman" was Forbes.

As to whether or not he still flies, the answer is: higher than ever, literally and figuratively. Sometime between Christ-

mas and the New Year he is going to climb into a gondola suspended from a cluster of balloons and soar heavenward some 40,000 feet into the jet stream that will, he hopes, carry him across the Atlantic to Europe, thus making his the first manned balloon flight ever to complete the crossing.

For more than a hundred years balloonists have tried to make such a crossing and failed, many losing their lives in the effort, but each failure has made the dream of success more enticing. "If you are into ballooning," Forbes says, "this is the ultimate trip."

In 1972 Forbes saw a sign advertising balloon rides while on the drive to his Manhattan office from his home in New Jersey.

"It sounded like a cool idea," he says, "so I talked my chauffeur into going up with me. The next thing we knew we had both signed up for lessons."

Since then, Forbes has participated in every major balloon race in the U.S., established the world's first Museum of Ballooning, acquired more than a dozen hot-air balloons—several of them valued in excess of \$25,000—and last year became the first person to cross the con-

tinental U.S. in a single balloon. En route he set six world records, in addition to wiping out a row of parked cars ("How do you explain to the insurance man," said one victim, "that you were hit by a balloon?") and narrowly escaping what might have been a fatal collision with high-power lines. "Fortunately we shorted out the power on the initial contact," Forbes says. By the time his balloon, *Chateau de Balleroy*, named after the castle that he owns in Normandy, finally splashed down in Chesapeake Bay, Malcolm Forbes was almost as familiar to Americans as Evel Knievel.

Needless to say, Malcolm Forbes the promoter, publicist and pitchman had as much to do with this as Malcolm Forbes the balloonist. With all the resources of *Forbes Magazine* and *Forbes Inc.*, at his disposal (he is sole stockholder of both), he had inundated the press, radio and TV networks with P.R. kits, films and advance men all touting the wonders of the epic cross-country flight.

The promotion was obvious, but the public loved it. Above the plains and across the prairies, over the mountains of Wyoming and the farmlands of Nebraska, the great, graceful silhouette

floated through the sky, bringing with it magic and adventure, frivolity and joy. People everywhere laughed and waved, vicariously soaring with Forbes above the clouds. And wherever the balloon touched down, traffic would come to a standstill. Children were released from school, shops closed, housewives left their laundry for a glimpse of the big man in the flashy flight suit. Resplendent in a fur parka, red leather pants and black calf-high boots, he was Captain Marvel in the flesh.

No one in the almost 200 years that men have been flying balloons has put the sport more squarely on the front pages. The introduction of new synthetic fabrics, making possible production of relatively low-cost balloons, started a small ballooning renaissance in the mid-1960s, but it was not until Forbes' flight that it really began to flourish. Balloon clubs sprang up all over the country, the number of balloons in use quadrupled, schools and instructors found themselves with more business than they could handle. And Forbes found himself thinking about other horizons to conquer. The logical one was the Atlantic.

"It never has been done," he says, "but everything indicates that it can be."

Whether he succeeds or not, one thing is certain: few ego trips will have logged more altitude and mileage. The conventional hot-air balloon in which he bounced and bounded from sea to shining sea has been replaced by *Windborne*, and, surrounded by scientific equipment, complex communications systems, official-sounding agencies, legions of engineers and space technologists, Malcolm Forbes is the command pilot of a space-age aerostatic creation straight out of Buck Rogers.

There are legitimate justifications for the astronomical expenditures of money, energy and time involved in what is officially dubbed Forbes Magazine's Atlantic Project. On the scientific side, the unique design of the craft will permit a variety of new atmospheric measurements. On the sporting side, at least two world records currently held by Germany, those for distance and duration, are expected to be broken. Economically, the publicity for *Forbes* and the various enterprises of *Forbes Inc.* is incalculable.

But over and above all this, Forbes

command



wants to be first. This is his bid for a place in history, his chance at a kind of immortality. It is also his chance, once and for all, to shake the shadow of his father that still falls, though ever more faintly, across his path.

In the foreword to his book *Fact & Comment*, published by Knopf earlier this year, Malcolm Forbes writes: "Through sheer ability (spelled i-n-h-e-r-i-t-a-n-c-e) I have become Editor-in-Chief of *Forbes Magazine*. . . ." He then goes on for 296 pages to comment on the art of writing, foreign travel, doctors, politics, wives, movie stars, cars, pets, charge accounts, films, college exams, Congress and just about anything else that has taken his fancy over the years. It has all appeared at one time or another in the two-page feature he writes twice monthly for *Forbes*, and it is apparent that a fringe benefit of owning his own magazine is that nobody blue-pencils his copy. His work is sprinkled with malapropisms, grammatical errors, made-up words, outrageous opinions and even more outrageous puns. All of which make it some of the most entertaining reading around these days—Hubert Humphrey once called Forbes the Bob Hope of business publications. "My father always said business was originated to produce happiness," Forbes himself observes, "and I took him at his word. I suspect that my antics and activities since taking over the magazine [upon his father's death in 1954] have kept the old man twirling in his grave ever since."

The self-deprecation is only partly genuine, a pet ploy of Forbes' that nobody takes very seriously. Nobody can, considering the growth of the magazine. Forbes did indeed inherit the business, a minuscule one in terms of its scope and success today, but he brought to it an imagination and ingenuity that transformed a lethargic publishing company of limited circulation to what is virtually an international empire.

Journalistically, Forbes was born to the trade. His father, a longtime financial columnist for Hearst, started the magazine in 1917, two years before Malcolm's birth. B. C. Forbes was the epitome of the tight-fisted Scotsman; in his later years a millionaire several times over, he boasted of never having spent more than \$55 on a suit.

"The real reason he started the mag-

azine," Forbes says, "was that he could not stand wasting any items he could not fit into his newspaper column."

The third of five sons, Malcolm at 14 was putting out his own newspaper, *The City of Dunc News*, "A five-cent weekly," he says. "It reported the happenings of a cardboard and cellophane city that my brother Gordon and I constructed in the basement of our Englewood [N.J.] home. The town had a population of 250 lead people, about 60 toothpick automobiles and several factories. Every evening we became part of that town, living on its activities and problems. It really came alive to us." That same year Forbes won first prize in the school district for an essay on fire prevention; was Student Council President of Englewood Junior High; was voted most humorous, best-dressed and best host; and became editor of *The Scout Eagle*, the first of three *Eagles* he edited, for the Boy Scouts, the Hackley School and Lawrenceville. "My journalistic outpourings at Lawrenceville extended so far into the night," he recalls, "that at the request of my roommates I finally wrote home for a noiseless typewriter."

From Lawrenceville, Forbes went on to Princeton. There he founded a literary magazine, was president of Elton, won letters in boxing and gymnastics, graduated with honors from the Woodrow Wilson School of International Affairs and was awarded the university's gold medal for "having done the most for Princeton as an undergraduate."

"I then had the choice of going to work for my father or doing something on my own," Forbes says. "The latter was infinitely more appealing, so I borrowed the money to purchase a small weekly newspaper in Lancaster, Ohio."

Those who knew him during this period remember him as an indefatigable worker who spent days, nights and weekends at the paper, living on \$15 a week. In December 1942, having been turned down by the Marines, the Navy and three times by the Army because of bad eyesight, he was finally reclassified and accepted as a private in the infantry. For the next two years he continued to send his column, *One Fellow's Slant*, back to the paper in Ohio, first from training camp, then from battlefields in France, Holland and Germany, and finally from a military hospital where he spent 10 months recovering from combat wounds.

From these columns emerges a young man filled with wonder and curiosity about everyone and everything; a serious, idealistic, introspective young man. There is a poignant, ingenious quality in his accounts of Army life, in his innocence, in his devotion to the little Ohio town he chose for his stage.

The stage is bigger and the props more spectacular today, but the man has not significantly changed. The curiosity and the eagerness are there still. He remains a restless dreamer, a tireless doer impatient to get on to the next challenge. He continues to immerse himself totally in whatever happens to catch his fancy.

For a period in the 1950s it was politics. "For 10 years," he says, "politics was everything." After a term as borough councilman, he ran for the state legislature, boldly opposing the political machine in Somerset County, N.J. "I ran 18,000 doorbells and was bitten by 13 dogs," Forbes says, "and I won with the largest margin ever recorded."

His whirlwind political style prompted the press to label him "The Fearless Freshman," "Fabulous Forbes," and not infrequently "too big for his britches." In his subsequent unsuccessful bid for the governorship of New Jersey in 1957, he frequently quoted Shakespeare to emphasize the deficiencies of his Democratic opponent. "One day," Forbes says, "I got a postcard in the mail which read, 'Since you are so big on Shakespeare, do you know this one: Thou art an ass?'"

"When I lost the race for governor," Forbes adds, in a more serious vein, "I found that the business called for more of my time."

The erstwhile political whirlwind proved a longer-lasting power in business. He currently owns a dozen homes around the world, all showplaces maintained fully staffed, but he rarely spends two consecutive nights in any one of them. His wife of 28 years sees less of him than the pilots of his DC-9, preferring to spend most of her time with the cows and horses on an isolated ranch in Montana. Although he is invariably accompanied by an entourage of photographers, chauffeurs, managers, stewards, general factotums and hangers-on, plus various of his five children and their friends, few are his contemporaries or his equals in accomplishment. Essentially he is a loner, as he has always been, and

continued

**WHEN YOUR
OLD GRAND-DAD IS READY
FOR RETIREMENT...**



**WHEN BEEFEATER
ISN'T YOUR PRIME CHOICE...**



**WHEN YOU HAVE NO
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books are his most intimate friends.

Nevertheless, when his sons became interested in motorcycling, he took up the sport with them. As the bills began to mount, he characteristically figured out the way to cut costs—he bought a motorcycle shop, Siegert-Forbes Inc., in Whippany, N.J., has since become one of the largest motorcycle centers in the world. In 1969 Forbes made a 1,000-mile bike trip to northern Quebec and back, extolling the joys of the leather-jacket life all the way. His complete engrossment with the trip was typical of the intensity Forbes brings to any project he undertakes, and at the moment there are several dozen around the globe. He also has the knack of attracting talented, dedicated people who invariably end up sharing his commitment. "If you found two or three people who were bored in our entire company," says Linda Dunklau, one of Forbes' two personal secretaries, "it would be surprising. The employees really feel like members of the Forbes family."

It is a big family and a diversified one, including the biologist who runs Forbes' Colorado game ranch, the architects who are rebuilding Zane Grey's old fishing camp in Talbot, the cattlemen who operate his Montana ranch, the businessman who is supervising construction of his conference center in Bali, the curators of his Victorian art and Fabergé jewel collections, the captain of his 116-foot yacht, the managers of his 196-square-mile subdivision in the Rockies, of his copra plantation in the Fiji Islands, of his palace in Tangiers, of his castle in Normandy, and of the restoration of his Old Battersea House in London. All of these people rank among the best in their fields, and Forbes' ability to absorb and assimilate through them the myriad facets of all these operations astounds many of his associates.

It is more understandable when one recognizes that Forbes is the consummate collector. "Collecting," he says, "is like education. There is an unending horizon if you really get turned on."

As for ballooning, not everybody in that fraternity is amused by the swath Forbes has cut through the sport. Bob Hilton, of the International Professional Balloon Pilots Racing Association, becomes apoplectic at the mention of the Atlantic flight. "It's a travesty," he says, "an insult to the sport and to serious

balloonists." Others point out that the coast-to-coast flight was supported by a ground crew of some 30 people, plus an airplane, a bus, several cars, a motor home and extensive electronic equipment. The fact that Forbes spent most nights in motels and three times flew home for weekends arouses further ire. Forbes is nonplussed by such criticism.

"The reason my flight succeeded and others failed," he says, "can be summed up in one word: money. The flight could never have been made without ground support such as I had. I was willing to pay for it. Nobody else has been."

Certainly this is the key to the Atlantic crossing. Nobody, until Forbes, has had the combination of money and inclination necessary to marshal the vast technological resources such a venture demands. The dean of American balloonists, Bob Waligunda of Princeton, at whose school Forbes took a portion of his balloon training in 1972, has long believed such a flight possible.

"There are two ways to cross the Atlantic," Waligunda says. "High and low. Crossing high depends on the jet stream, a pressurized gondola and a sophisticated life-support system. The jet stream is there. Any number of unmanned balloons have crossed successfully in it. The rest is a matter of money."

"Crossing low—at less than 10,000 feet—is another matter. Then the keys are the balloon itself, the pilot and the weather. The balloon must withstand the tremendous beating it will take. The pilot must have enormous experience, stamina and motivation to hang in against the elements. And the weather and the time of year must be exactly right. Even Malcolm Forbes with all his technology can't beat a thunderstorm."

"If you are talking about seat-of-the-pants adventure there is no comparison between the crossings. But the balloon and the man capable of a low crossing have yet to come along. Ballooning is still waiting for its Lindbergh. Forbes' flight is adventure of a different kind. It's a space-age, 2001 kind of odyssey."

Certainly no balloon attempt to cross the Atlantic has had the technological support Forbes has mustered. The latest, most sophisticated resources of the space age have been incorporated into the project. Some of the best scientific minds have contributed their expertise, and federal agencies dealing with wind

and atmospheric conditions have lent unprecedented cooperation.

RCA, North American Rockwell, Raven Industries, Garrett and numerous other pioneers of the aerospace industry have dedicated skills over and above those that money can buy, and nothing that money can buy has been overlooked. By the time Forbes is airborne, it is estimated that well over a million dollars will have been directly invested; the amount of indirect investment is impossible to calculate.

To compare Forbes' *Windborne* to, say, the ill-fated *The Free Life*, which carried British Balloonist Malcolm Brighton and Americans Rodney and Pamela Anderson to their deaths in an attempt to cross the Atlantic four years ago, is to compare a Ferrari to a three-speed bicycle. Of the six other craft to try the crossing in the last 15 years only Thomas Gatch's doomed *Light Heart* bore even vague similarities to *Windborne*. Forbes was there when Gatch took off last February from Harrisburg, Pa., in a fiber-glass gondola suspended from 10 helium-filled balloons. Contact with Gatch was lost the next day, and although he was sighted three days later near the Canary Islands, he was never heard from again.

"There is little likelihood of such a communications failure in *Windborne*," Forbes says. "Its four-unit computer system is only slightly less sophisticated than the communications systems in a NASA space probe. As in space expeditions, everything is backed up by secondary systems. And by beginning the flight in Southern California instead of from the East Coast we will have all systems operative at least one day over land before proceeding out over water."

"Technical information will be relayed from *Windborne* to the National Oceanographic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA) in Virginia via Synchronous Meteorological Satellite, the first non-governmental use of the system to date. Then this information will be sent to RCA's Globecom headquarters in New York City, with raw position data transmitted by Transit satellites that circumnavigate the earth every 90 minutes: all will then be fed into computers to pinpoint *Windborne's* position to within 20 miles.

"Voice communication will be provided by use of VHF channels over land,

continued

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Union Electric's Meramec plant regularly burns processed refuse to make electric power. Here, Gene Melners, Meramec's superintendent, talks about expanding the system with Dave Klumb, project manager.

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Klumb, the project manager, "then shred it in a hammer mill. Every ton contains, in addition to the burnables, about 150 pounds of steel, 200 pounds of glass and 10 pounds of other recyclable materials—much of which we can recover.

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Refuse is processed at this plant. The system is owned by the city and operated by U.E. under a government lease.

Klumb notes, "and, while the energy value of this waste is a plus for us, the solution of municipal waste disposal problems is even more important. We're making good use of what we once threw away."

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BALLOONS *continued*

and high-frequency maritime and aeronautical radio. Everybody from RCA to AT&T and the FAA, and comparable communications centers in half a dozen foreign countries, will monitor the flight, not to mention our own DC-9."

Like Gatch's *Light Heart*, *Windhorse* employs a series of helium-filled balloons; in the latter case, 13 instead of 10. Made of .005-inch-thick, high-strength polyester plastic film, each spherical super-pressure balloon is 33 feet in diameter and composed of 29 separate panels heat-bonded together. Although the material looks and feels like the plastic divider in a loose-leaf notebook, its strength has been exhaustively proved in meteorological balloons flown at altitudes of 40,000 to 80,000 feet for more than 700 days.

With a single balloon topping four tiers of three balloons each coupled to the main tether line supporting the gondola, Forbes says, "The malfunction of two, or even three, balloons is possible without detriment to the flight."

The gondola itself is a sphere that measures 7' 8" in diameter. It is constructed of .025-inch-thick stretch-formed aluminum surrounded by 2½ inches of insulating material covered by an aluminized plastic film inset with eight ¼-inch-thick acrylic windows. "Despite the thin skin," Forbes says, "the gondola's designers estimate that the shell is capable of withstanding stresses eight times those anticipated in this flight."

Inside the gondola, its primary load structure is a single 14-inch-wide mast extending from floor to ceiling and housing the entire battery of communications and life-support systems, including what is considered one of the most advanced air-revitalization units yet developed. The remaining interior space surrounding the control core is about equal to that of a small broom closet. This will be home for five to 10 days or more for Forbes and Dr. Thomas Henshewer, the 35-year-old California scientist and super-pressure-balloon expert who will accompany him on the flight.

"Tom has the scientific knowledge and I have the money," Forbes says, "so we consider each other essential."

There will be little room inside the gondola for exercise beyond shifting from standing to sitting to lying down on the cot-like canvas sling provided for each man. But they should not be bored, con-

sidering the vast array of complex scientific equipment they must monitor. From the moment *Windhorse* lifts off and is carried into the jet stream until it sets down however many days later—presumably on the other side of the Atlantic—the demands upon both men will be continuous and enormous.

The real question is not whether *Windhorse* can make the trip. The odds are excellent that she will. More pertinent is whether the command pilot can make it.

At 55 Forbes is apparently fit. He exercises daily in the gym that takes up much of a floor of the Forbes Building in New York, and between balloon races he spins around his hometown of Far Hills, N.J., or rides to his New York office on one of his many motorcycles. He still maintains a schedule that would prostrate many half his age, jetting from continent to continent the way others commute between railroad stations. But the pace is beginning to take its toll. His catnaps are more frequent. The limp acquired in World War II is more pronounced with fatigue. He drives himself like a 30-year-old man, but it is 25 years later, and time has not stopped even for Malcolm Forbes.

Moreover, just how well he will withstand the stresses of a period encapsulated in space is the one factor that none of his legions of engineers and scientists can predict: consideration of this human aspect is so conspicuously missing from the reams of material distributed to the press about the flight that the oversight seems almost deliberate. What about physiological and psychological factors?

"No problem at all," Forbes says. "The trip across country was probably far more arduous than this will be. As for mental strain, hushiness eliminates most of the psychological stress. Lock me up in an empty cell on Devil's Island and I'd be crackers in 12 hours, but this is entirely different. And you can put up with anything if the rewards are great enough. The sense of achievement here is something we'll be able to measure hourly."

Forbes also brushes aside questions of personal safety, asserting that he is not a daredevil. "The odds of my making it across the Atlantic," he says, "are considerably better than those of a pedestrian making it across Park Avenue at rush hour."

"And besides," he adds, "I like being alive."

END



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TROUPE THE COLORS FOR GUSSIE NELL DAVIS

The dance-drill team is an art form that was invented and brought to perfection by this indefatigable Texan, whose Kilgore Rangerettes were its first exponents and are probably still the best by **EDWIN SHRAKE**

In the days of its greater glory, the town of Kilgore, in the pine woods of East Texas, boasted of being built upon the World's Richest Acre, where oil was pumped from 24 wells on a patch of ground in what amounted to the business district. There were, in fact, hundreds of oil derricks in town, and at Christmas they were strung with colored bulbs. Astonished travelers would peer from windows of passing railroad cars at HAPPY NEW YEAR spelled out in lights amid those tall, throbbing skeletons scattered among the new homes built by the fortunate landowners of Kilgore.

The boom hit in 1930 when wildcatter Dad Joiner brought in Daisy Bradford No. 3, the famous well that opened up the huge East Texas Oil Field, five to 10 miles wide and 43 miles long, with Kilgore at its middle. Kilgore had been a farming and sawmill town set among forests, green meadows and silent, dark lakes full of big bass. Suddenly the area became notorious; speculators, merchants and drifters of all descriptions poured in from around the country. This was not what the new rich of Kilgore wanted to see happen to their town, not now that they'd made it, anyhow. The oil derricks on Main Street proclaimed a blessing—for the home folks. As for the arriving hordes, they would have to go somewhere else.

So they went—10 miles to the northeast, to Longview, on the opposite shore of the Sabine River; 28 miles west to Tyler, self-styled Rose Capital of the World, 120 miles west to Dallas, where the big banks are, 200 miles south to Houston, the seaport. Oil companies built office buildings in those places and brought in business and industry, which built more

buildings. Meanwhile Kilgore remained a small town by choice.

Over the last few years salt water has crept into the Kilgore oil fields. The town has not gone broke—a popular estimate is that those wells that are left can pump another 40 years—but the derricks have been torn down. Only one remains, a monument to the days when it seemed the oil would never run out. While Longview and Tyler continue the big-city hustle, Kilgore is fading into the past. Though large homes abound, there is no movie theater in town, no chain motel to speak well of, and the bars are honky-tonks out on the highway. The Town House Cafe still serves what may be the ultimate fried chicken, cream gravy and cornbread in all of America, but its reputation has not spread much past the bottom half of Gregg County.

And yet everybody keeps hearing about Kilgore. The reason is one fantastic woman, a few of her assistants and 65 mostly teen-aged dancing girls known as the Kilgore College Rangerettes—the first dance-drill team of its kind and, after 35 years, still probably the best. Thousands of high schools and colleges have copied the Rangerettes since Gussie Nell Davis created them in 1940. The Apache Belles of Tyler Junior College came along seven years later, and the televising of football halftime shows made first the Rangerettes and then the Belles nationally famous.

Naturally, there is a rivalry between the two, and if not more intense than that of their school football teams, it is at least of wider interest. When Kilgore College and Tyler Junior College play each other in football it could be argued that more people are in the stands to watch the girls at the half than to watch the game; the football teams are junior college, but the girls are big league. What the fans are seeing at halftime is Alabama-Oklahoma of the dance-drill world.

It had been raining in East Texas for close to a month. The sky might clear up for a while, but the ground just wouldn't get dry. The rain made the pine trees sparkle and brought creeks up over their banks to form new ponds in the fields. As far as Gussie Nell Davis was concerned, it was the worst weather possible. She would rather freeze than see it rain all the time.

"Hey, down there, fourth girl from the end! I'm sorry you don't like the girl in front of you, but crowd up close to her anyhow!"

"Thank you, Miss Davis!" shouted the fourth girl from the end. This is the Rangerette Way to accept advice or criticism. There is a Rangerette Way to do just about everything.

"Another thing, girls! When you make your entrance onto that field tomorrow night, get out there fast! Be bold! If you're an instant late, the Apache Belles are liable to push you out of the way!"

"Thank you, Miss Davis!" they all shouted.

Up in the open press box at the Kilgore College stadium sat Gussie Nell, a thin, frail, ferociously energetic little strawberry-blond woman whose age seems to have been suspended in her early 20s, though her body went on to grow older. Because of the rain, it was the first day her Rangerettes had been able to practice on a field with the band this season, and tomorrow night was the game in Tyler.

"I'm not fussing at those girls, I'm just loud," Gussie Nell said. "They can hear me all the way across the Cotton Bowl. They can hear me from the press box at Soldier Field. Oh, look at that mud! The field in Tyler is going to be slow. We have to work to the tempo of what the field will let us do. Every person has his own sense of rhythm, and so does every group. The Texas University band is fast, SMU is fast, Texas A&M is slow. What we are

continued

IN RAIN AND SLEET and dark of night, also sub-zero temperatures and mud, Gussie Nell's girls go on. The Rockettes never had it so bad.

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is military. We need a dry field for our precision. I would just as soon it would rain and wash us out as to have to perform in the mud."

Another reason Gussie Nell was somewhat agitated was that the Rangerettes' choreographer, Denard Haden, was in the hospital, and this new routine had been devised in four days by Gussie Nell and her assistant, Deana Bolton, mostly in the gym with Mrs. Chris Stewart, who used to play the piano for silent films. The big number was to be *Scrub Me, Mama, with a Boogie Beat*, a tribute to the Andrews Sisters. Knox Lumb, Rangerette prop man for 35 years, had ordered 72 scrub boards. Between the order and the shipment, the price of scrub boards had nearly doubled, and that knocked a few extra dollars out of the Rangerettes' tiny budget of \$2,700 a year.

"And we've had the hardest time figuring out how to keep the thumbs on the girls' fingers when they rub the boards," Gussie Nell said. "We tried tape, and now we've added Silly Putty. Hey, down there! You're bunching up on your exit, you girls at the 45-yard line."

"Thank you, Miss Davis!"

Davis Hall, named for Gussie Nell, is where the Rangerettes live for their two years at Kilgore College, unless they are girls from nearby towns who prefer to commute from home, and that is rare. The college has about 4,000 students and is state-supported. By charter it is not called a junior college, although it is one. Kilgore College sponsors a police academy and has a nursing school, a large music department, the usual engineering and liberal arts departments and more than 40 clubs and organizations, including the Rangerettes.

Girls do not get scholarships for being Rangerettes and only receive credit for a one-hour PE class that in reality takes up about 15 hours a week. But if one wonders what attracts so many sweet, cheerful little dumplings to Kilgore, it is purely the hope of becoming a Rangerette. Tryouts are held on the second Wednesday of a two-week training period, and there might be 250 girls competing for 30 open spots in the line. The senior Rangerettes help choose the new ones.

Then the new ones move into Davis Hall and learn the Rangerette Way. They keep up their grades. They lose weight if told to. They observe a curfew. They are

taught not to drink, smoke or chew gum in a Rangerette uniform. Of the 63 girls, only 48 (plus the five officers) will be on the field at one time, so they compete to please Gussie Nell. They have managers, just like the football team has managers, to carry stuff around and help with the wounded (pulled hamstrings and other calamities). The five managers are boys.

"In this job you get to know all kinds of girls—girls who like to party, nosy girls, quiet girls," says Dale Chafin, a tall, red-haired sophomore who is the head manager. "But you can spot a Rangerette when she walks across the campus. She might be pretty homely, but she's really alive-looking and think she's beautiful, so she's beautiful. Miss Davis knows everything that goes on with them. She's a cool lady. As long as their personal lives don't get too messed up, she stays out of their business."

The Rangerettes have performed at 46 bowl and all-star games, including 24 Cotton Bowls and five of the College All-Star games in Chicago, marched in three Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parades in New York, appeared at countless conventions, have had a number dedicated to them in the current Ice Capades, toured Venezuela, appeared at Eisenhower's first inaugural, etc. Their expenses are usually paid by the organization that invites them, and a "donation" to the Rangerette fund is shyly suggested. Money in the fund is spent on trips. The Rangerettes are not tightly chaperoned on the road, but guards are posted on their hotel floors to deflect amorous groupies and dirty old men. Gussie Nell is dismayed that anyone would even imply that sex has anything to do with the Rangerettes' appeal. "Sex is a word I have never used with my girls, and I never will," she says, adding, "Sure, I tell them that when they're out on that field I want them to forget they're mama's little girls and *profer!* After the game they're mama's little girls again."

It is cold water on the old Humbert Humbert fantasy to wander through Davis Hall. Without their uniforms and cosmetics, the Rangerettes do indeed look like mama's little girls. Not only that, they look like the girls mama would have liked to have had instead of the ones mama got. They are knitting, chatting, studying, listening to music, waiting for boyfriends to call and being so wholesome generally that it is hard to

swallow at first. Where, one wonders, are those chorus babes in the cowboy hats and short skirts? Surely they aren't these kids with curlers in their hair carrying laundry down the hall! These teenagers with bright smiles and chirping voices crying out for pizza and milk shakes? These are the same prancing, glamorized dolls who do high kicks in red panties in front of millions? These girls could play Julie and Tricia to at least a tie when it comes to wholesome. "They're the quietest and most religious group I have ever had," Gussie Nell says. One of them won't even dance with her boyfriend. She says that kind of dancing is wicked.

That notion is part of the reason Gussie Nell invented the Rangerettes. She grew up wanting to dance in Farmersville, Texas, hometown of Audie Murphy, but if you danced in Farmersville you got thrown out of the church. Gussie Nell attended what is now Texas Women's University in Denton, with the warning that if she did not do well she would have to return to Farmersville and work in a dry-goods store. Then, in 1939, she was hired at Kilgore College by a stern Baptist president who ordered her to produce a halftime show that would keep the men in their seats instead of under the stands taking a nip. Gussie Nell had never seen the Radio City Music Hall Rockettes, but for her first show she produced a fireworks display and a drill-and-dance group, and a lot of people saw the second half of the game in unaccustomed sobriety.

"I think the Rangerettes right now are better than the Rockettes," says Jeanne Hale, Kilgore College publicity woman, who is herself a former Rockette and Mrs. Texas. "It's remarkable when you consider that some girls work as Rockettes for 15 years, and Miss Davis keeps hers for two at the most, and we dance with greater precision."

"By the time a girl leaves here after two years of long bus rides, hard work and performances, she's usually got show business out of her system," says Gussie Nell. "She's ready to settle down. She's dependable, because anybody who's not dependable will not be in our line. She has good habits. She knows she can be courteous and be a lady and still be herself. She has what some people call old-fashioned virtues. But she's not worried about who she is."

Saturday morning it was raining again.

continued

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The Rangerettes were supposed to pose for their official photograph on the lawn of a home Frank Lloyd Wright designed for a Kilgore oilman, L. N. Crim, but the session moved into the gym. At noon Gussie Nell went to the Town House Cafe, where she eats every Saturday if she is in town: fried chicken, cornbread, two vegetables, dessert and an iced tea for \$1.84.

"We called over to Tyler, and the field is just slop," Gussie Nell said. "I do want the girls to look good. We're all hams, you know. It's just that most of us are afraid to put on a show by ourselves, but with others we can express the ham in us without feeling like we're being stared at individually."

Outside, the temperature had fallen. A norther was blowing in. "Well, the rain is going," Gussie Nell said. "It'll be muddy and colder. We've performed where it was so cold the girls were crying. We won't let them wear body stockings because they bug at the knees, and we've been on the field with the chill factor 16° below zero. The girls don't feel the cold while they're performing. It's while they're waiting that it hurts." The Rangerette motto is, *Bom! Bom! No Pain.*

The two Rangerette buses left for Tyler from in front of Davis Hall at 5:30. The girls were in uniform, many of them with their hair in curlers. They were singing, stretching, clapping as the buses went down the highway. "These girls have tremendous stamina," said Deana Bolton, a former national twirling champion in high school and onetime boss of the Dallas Tex Ams half-time drill group before the pro football team moved to Kansas City and became the Chiefs. "The girls are in much better shape than the football players."

"I've never seen the girls so nervous," said Gussie Nell.

Only 21 of this crop of Rangerettes had ever performed on a football field, and now it was at Tyler in the mud. As the buses pulled into Rose Stadium, the Rangerettes began unrolling their hair. Even the captain, Vicki Murray, a dance teacher in Bossier City, La., in the summer, was anxious. "I hope nobody kicks up mud and falls down," she said.

The girls formed up and marched into Rose Stadium. While the Rangerettes sat in rows in a stadium they do several hand-dancing and head-turning routines to the hand music. And they dance at their seats to the Kilgore College fight song, a lift

from *He's All Pats Together*, from the old Broadway musical *Rio Rita*.

The Rangerettes performed first at the half. Slinging clouds of mud from their toes, they did their high kick without a slip. The *Swish Me, Mama* number went off smoothly. They did the traditional Rangerette march-out, and the Apache Belles came on, more than 100 of them altogether, and dumplings, every one, in black-branded white and gold outfits. They did a couple of dance numbers and then a high kick, with a 32-girl line, to *Give Me Rewards to Bravado*. A dance-drill critic severely unimpressed in the technicalities would have to say that the Apache Belles may have had an edge in the difficulty of what they attempted, but the Rangerettes did what they did with more refinement and style. The thumbles on these scrub boards never missed a beat.

"We always think we win the halftime, and the Apache Belles always think they win," Deana Bolton said on the bus later. "That way, everybody goes home happy." Laughing and singing, the girls did seem pleased with themselves.

But Gussie Nell was less so. After the girls had checked into, and in some cases out of, Davis Hall, Gussie Nell felt to fretting.

"We made three mistakes tonight," she said. "We don't expect to make three mistakes in a year."

The girls who made those mistakes would not be in the line the next week. That, too, is the Rangerette Way.

"I love those girls," said Gussie Nell. "They'll forget every dance step and drill routine I teach them, but I trust they'll never forget the values we have here. Many of the modern kids, they think they can just lay around and smoke marijuana and do anything they want to anybody, but where does it get them? Miserable, empty, useless, running off to one fad and then another. My girls may not be sophisticated, but they know that the secret to life is to stay busy, be responsible, be cheerful. It's contagious. And it pays off."

"I guess I ought to get out of this business pretty soon, but people my age can get dull. Enthusiasm is what keeps a person going. If you're dull you're not worth a thing to anybody, including yourself. I've devoted my whole life to this," Gussie Nell said. "And I know I won't wrong."

"Thank you, Miss Davis."

END

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MOMENTARILY AT REST, LINDSEY AWAITS THE RED EYE

As Lindsey Nelson walked off National Flight 6 from Miami and into New York's LaGuardia Airport on a recent Tuesday afternoon, sports broadcaster's most peevish play-by-play announcer finally admitted that he was tired; he had done three major football games in three cities during the preceding 56 hours. "But I'm not all that tired," he said. "I'll just go home, build a big fire in the fireplace and settle back to finish reading *FDR's Last Year*." Then he headed off toward the parking area to pick up his red 1974 Datsun.

When Nelson reached the lot, he couldn't find a red Datsun, but there was his turquoise 1973 Cadillac. "Forgot what car I drove to the airport," he said. "Wait a minute, now I remember. I drove the Cadillac here a week ago. I'm only a little confused, right?"

During a football year most broadcasters consider themselves busy if they work 15 games. By the time this season ends Nelson will have done 45, though the football schedule was well along before he really got started. First he had to finish his 13th season as the New York Mets' TV-radio man, a job in which he handles about 175 baseball games a year. Since early October Nelson has announced three football games every weekend. Notre Dame games on Saturdays for a delayed-tape lineup of 130 stations, Sunday NFL games for CBS and the Monday night pro game for about 700 stations

around the world on Mutual Radio.

Nelson seems to go from event to event like a squirrel bounding from limb to limb. He maintains that there is no strain at all and that he loves it, which is astonishing considering his flight patterns. Two weeks ago he flew to Knoxville to pick up his daughter Nancy at the University of Tennessee so that she could accompany him to Los Angeles. Took her to dinner at the Polo Lounge, then to the Cock N' Bull and Luau, and

then to St. Vincent's Hospital when she had an appendicitis attack. Announced the Notre Dame-USC game. Stuffed his pockets with Dutch chocolate candy bars as a hedge against chicken being served on the red-eye flight to Atlanta. Got to bed at 6 a.m. Awoke at 11 to breakfast with Bart Starr, CBS' analyst for the Falcon-Ram game. Was told that one contestant in the Punt, Pass and Kick Contest would kick on crutches. Got to the booth in Atlanta to find it ankle-deep in water. Broadcast the game and then stood in the snow while a cabdriver put his bags into the trunk. "You're Howard Cosell," said the cabbie. "I know that voice. You are Howard Cosell." Nelson said nothing. "Tell me you are Howard Cosell," the hack persisted. "Several cabdrivers have told me that I am Howard Cosell," Nelson finally said. "I must say that in every case it cost the driver a rather large tip." He flew to his Miami at 11:30 p.m. and broadcast the next night's game. As smooth and professional as ever, his concentration was so intense that he never noticed the six occasions when people came into the booth to say hello.

This year Nelson will do the two NFL playoffs and the Cotton Bowl and Sun Bowl. They merely add to his list of more than 100 postseason broadcasts in the last 25 years. "I did the Penn State Bowl," he says. "Not too many people have done that. It was in 1952 at Balboa Stadium in San Diego, be-

tween Belling Field and the San Diego Naval Training Center. Coast-to-coast on NBC. It rained and nobody showed up. NBC got the Shore Patrol to go into bars and pick sailors up and bring them to the game. They got about 300 and sat them in one section. When we had to show a crowd shot, we put the cameras on the '00s. The SPs were guarding them so they couldn't get away."

The reasons why Nelson persists in his frantic schedule do not include needing the money. As the voice of the Mets he earns more than \$100,000, and his Notre Dame connection is one of the more prestigious in football. "If I have loads of time to sit around, I start to go crazy," Nelson says. "If I stay anywhere for 10 days without work, I start walking around a room saying to myself, 'Where's the action?' People talk about Timbuktu and laugh. I've been there. I wanted to see it. I went to Moscow one winter and people wondered why anyone would do such a thing. I wanted to go like Napoleon. I always want to see what's on the other side of the hill."

Nelson's trademark is a collection of sports jackets that run from garish to hideous. He owns 230 of them. "When the Mets went to color TV, I went to a clothing store and said, 'Let me look at all the coats you were unable to sell this year,'" he says. "The man brought them out. A lot of them. I looked them over and said, 'Yeah. Yeah. I'll take them all.' When I would leave home to go to the park, my family would stand in the hall aghast. In Hong Kong I saw some material I liked and asked the tailor to make me up some jackets. How was I to know that I had picked drapery cloth? I had some made out of silk that was so thin that the man sent them to me in a Manila envelope. More people know my sports coats than know me."

Not really. He has probably broadcast more major events than any man talking into a mike today. "People ask me what I have in mind for the future," he says. "I'll keep doing what I'm doing. I worked for Tom Gullery at NBC. Got \$7,500 as his No. 1 assistant. I've been a gopher. Go for that, go for that. This is what I want to do. I want to broadcast baseball and football. That's all. I'll do almost anything to do it. Anything but eat chicken."

END

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He's the Lee that no one knows

Big timber in Oregon, Ron has shot himself into obscurity on the road

If Ron Lee, the best college basketball player you never heard of, continues to render himself unto obscurity, we may have to call in the Argentine Firecracker to get him some attention. Even then, Lee undoubtedly would pass her to a teammate.

The tricks the young man has employed in what appears to be an ongoing search for anonymity include get-

ting born into an athletic family with three older basketball-playing brothers, growing up in the hockey ghettos of suburban Boston, going to college in the far-trapping wilds of Oregon, refusing to shoot on balance, to go to his right or to score many points, and, finally, shooting so miserably every time he ventures outside the West that Easterners have a vision of a Lee named Pinky, not Ron.

Two years ago when he was second in the Pacific Eight in scoring and was the first freshman to be named all-conference, Lee played at Providence and found nothing would fall for him. In the Kentucky Invitational, he also looked shaky as Oregon was routed. Last season, when he led his league in scoring and played a large part in Oregon's upset of UCLA, the only time Lee left the West was to play in the Jayhawk Classic. Once more he performed poorly.

It almost happened again last week in Pittsburgh when the Ducks, gentlemen-scholars whom UCLA's John Wooden has labeled "wrestlers" and others have called "The Kamikaze Kids" in tribute to their frenetic style, came rumbling into the Steel Bowl. Though it was heavily favored, Oregon barely avoided drowning in the mucky confluence of the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers.

Duck Coach Dick Harter favors tough, coming-at-you defense featuring various forms of the slam, the knock, the swoop and the dive. Lee, who is of like attitude and has a 6' 4", 195-pound body to emphasize his point, leads the team in welts, bruises and frenzy. Harter claims Lee is second in ability only to David Thompson among current college players. "He has had 'Celtic' stamped on his forehead since birth," the coach says.

Oregon's style did not account for Lee's missing 16 of 21 shots against Penn State on Friday as the Ducks won 76-40, but it did help him make eight steals and totally disrupt State's attack. The game also was perfect proof of what West Coast observers have maintained all along: even when Lee does not score, he invariably hurts the opposition.

Harter called the performance "Ron's worst ever," but nobody was fooled. Penn State's John Bach said, "Lee's what we call a CYO player. He dives and deflecks and grovels for loose balls. He doesn't play like a pampered All-American, but he's legit." Others echoed the

praise. "A star who goes to the floor like that is a real star," said Duquesne Assistant Coach Jim Sims.

The Iron Ducks themselves came off the floor from last season's 12-12 record and stunned bitter rival Pittsburgh 100-94 to reach the final against Oregon. New Coach John Cincola has junked Duquesne's old deliberate offense and turned his smallish crew into a zesty, scrambling outfit that depends on beating the opposition down the court. Despite being outscored 62-39 and repeatedly harried by Pitt's marvelous freshmen, Larry Harris and Mel Bennett, the young Ducks stuck to their plan. They kept coming and coming, built a lead, lost it and then came on again. They simply wore the Panthers into the floor.

Duquesne received 24 points from Roland Jones and leadership from Guards Norm Nixon and Oscar Jackson. After the emotional victory, Nixon, 6' 2" and about 20 pounds lighter than Lee, pondered Oregon and its star. "The man doesn't look like he can shoot," Nixon said. "He's got muscles, but I'm no weakling myself."

On Saturday, Nixon gave Lee all he wanted as Duquesne scored nine baskets off its fast break in the first half and led at the intermission 38-32. Again Lee was terribly cold with his ugly, off-balance, look-Ma-I'm-throwin'-it-up-there shots. Nevertheless, Center Gerald Willett seemed to get a rebound every time Lee missed and kept the Ducks in the game.

Then, during a two-minute span early in the second half, Lee came through with a series of plays that brought Oregon from a 50-48 deficit to the 58-50 lead that set up the victory. Biceps rippling, he hit an 18-footer and followed a Willett basket with a wondrous up-in. When Forward Stu Jackson made a short jumper, it was 56-50 Oregon, but here came Nixon dashing toward the midline to start another Duquesne fast break. Suddenly Lee was in the way, blocking Nixon's path and taking a brutal charge. It was Oregon's ball. On the inbounds play, Jackson passed to Lee cutting across the foul line. In one motion, he received the ball in midair, pumped and lofted in another basket to give the Ducks an eight-point margin. With Lee later controlling a semi-delay offense to protect Oregon's lead, his team won the game and the championship 90-82.



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Despite missing 17 of 25 shots, Lee had had his moments. "When I'm frozen, I'm really frozen," he said. But he also had helped ice Duquesne with seven rebounds, seven assists and two blocks of fast-break layups that came on leaps high over the rim. It was a versatile performance worthy of a player who has finally matured from being "Russell Lee's brother" into one who is known in Boston as "the black John Havlicek."

Two years ago Lee seemed to be swapping one basketball wasteland for another when he decided to switch coasts. Though Oregon's "Tall Firs" won the first NCAA championship in 1939, most of the state's athletic accomplishments have come in hockey, running the 15-million meters and things like that. Still, anyplace was an improvement over Boston. Until the late 1960s, high school basketball there was, according to *The Boston Globe's* Peter Gammons, "white, suburban and horrible."

The four sons of Gene Lee, a motorcycle cop and occasional local legend, helped change that. Now 46, Lee is considered the "Wild Bill Hickok of the Boston police" with his jazzy silver-rimmed shades and collections of motorcycles (including a purple Harley with stereo headset), girl friends and athletic achievements. A compact 5'9", Lee maintains a 30-inch waistline, pitches softball in four leagues, bowls in three, returns punts for a semipro football team and serves as hatchetman in basketball pickup games.

Lee raised his sons alone, and until Ron came along, Russell, a 6'5" forward at Marshall who recently was waived by New Orleans of the NBA, was the family jewel. The first three boys all went to city high schools, but Ron got into the Meico bursing program and attended school in wealthy Lexington. There he came under the guidance of a fine defensive coach, Rolfe Massimino, now the head man at Villanova.

In addition to defense, Lee picked up some of his intense desire for winning at Lexington. Massimino remembers him playing 10-point games with the coach's nine-year-old son on a short basket. Lee would spot the boy eight or nine points, then he would start jamming the ball like Abdul-Jabbar and come from behind to win every game. "I'd slap the kid up side the head if I had to to win," Lee says, laughing.

A natural athlete, Lee played one year

of soccer as a lark and was named league MVP. He took a brief interest in the javelin and set a New England record that still stands. In basketball he led Lexington to two state championships.

"I never wanted to stay home. I didn't want to be dependent on anybody but me," Lee says. So it was that Harter, with his Eastern background at Penn, his Eastern staff and an Eastern style down to his shoelaces, moved in. Oregon was one of the few schools Lee visited outside New England. On the morning after his arrival, he looked out the window, saw the sun and the mountains, and went for a ride in a Paper Cub. He was hooked. "Ronnie is a doer, and there's a lot to do in Oregon," says Harter.

With a metabolism in danger of running amok, Lee maintains a hyperactive pace. He requires only about three hours' sleep. He is up at 4 a.m. to study, play cards, take a walk or go howling at the all-night Emerald Valley Lanes in Eugene. His endurance as a television viewer—cartoons, old movies, Phyllis Diller, anything—is remarkable. He is reputed to engage in live-hour gym rat games prior to regular team practices. As honorary chairman of the local March of Dimes Walkathon, he once ran 20 miles and then hustled off to a softball doubleheader. Lee is constantly moving, pacing and snapping his fingers, even in serious conversation. As an infant, he fell from the top of a trash can while watching a parade and sheared off one of his eyebrows. It is the last time anybody can remember him being injured.

The evening before he faced UCLA for the first time as a freshman, Lee bowled with his father, who had flown out for the week, and the two made a marathon night of it that Harter still remembers with trepidation. The next day, following a couple of hours' sleep, Lee drove the lane and was jammed by Bill Walton. After that he drove four more times, each foray a success, and finished with 31 points. He is not easily discouraged.

Lee's two varsity seasons have been carbon copies in which he has averaged just under 19 points, passed for spectacular assists, rebounded well and played absolutely savage defense as Oregon has risen to third place in the Pacific Eight. Lee and Indiana's Quinn Buckner, both members of the U.S. team that toured against the Russians last fall, are two of the very few specimens who

can stand in there taking a rampaging enemy charge and wind up hurting the other fellow.

In clutch moments Lee can also score, as he demonstrated in Pittsburgh. He had key baskets to win three overtime games in his freshman season. Last year his 26 points brought Oregon from 10 down to victory over Washington. Against Stanford he lost the ball in the dying seconds, got it right back and hit a 30-footer with hands in his face at the buzzer for a one-point win.

Because of heroics like that Lee is adored in Eugene. "He's the Pied Piper," says Harter. "The kids love him. He disrupts my camp to play hide-and-seek with the younger ones. He auctions off his sneakers for charity."

After his 13-for-46 shooting exhibition in Pittsburgh, the bids for his sneakers may go down. But for the Pacific Eight season, the price on Lee's head remains high.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

WEST USC and UCLA both won impressively. The Trojans crushed Oklahoma State 107-88 and Utah 102-82. Against the Cowboys, they set a school record with 70% shooting and received 26 points from Guard Gus Williams. The next night USC had early difficulty controlling Utah's run-and-gun offense, but with John Lambert putting in 29 points and Williams adding 26, most of them on double-pump madcap layups, the Trojans pulled away. UCLA defeated Loyola of Chicago 84-67, making up for 39% shooting by cashing in on 22 of 28 free throws. Ralph Drellinger, who had 18 points against the Ramblers, was scoreless the following evening against Oklahoma State. But the Bruins improved on USC's 19-point margin by drubbing the Cowboys 82-51. Forward Marques Johnson, who has made a recent recovery from hepatitis that hospitalized him in November, picked up 13 points in 14 minutes.

California looked as if it might be another West Coast power after upsetting Seattle 73-71 and Purdue 76-73. But then Cal was upended by Stinson 59-43. Restraining his anger over the referees' calls (40 fouls against Purdue, 11 against Cal), Purdue Coach Fred Schaus said after his Boilermakers loss, "Too many major-college teams lose to an opponent scoring nine fewer field goals."

continued

With its pressure defense forcing 54 turnovers, Arizona State took the San Diego Classic on its home floor by defeating Montana 93-66 and Nebraska 83-62. Earlier, State had won a 105-67 tuneup against Whittier. Arizona worked over UC-Davis 84-58 and San Diego State 81-79.

1. UCLA (16-2) 2. USC (13-9)

EAST David Thompson ascended to new highs. Living his leaping ability for numerous "Alley-Oop" baskets, he dropped in 123 points in North Carolina State victories over UNC-Asheville (111-68), Buffalo State (144-88) and Virginia (101-72). Thompson had 42 points in the first game, set a record for an Atlantic Coast Conference player with 57 in the next as he made 27 of 37 shots, and concluded with 24.

Wake Forest showed plenty of life as it led Maryland 45-38 in the first half of an ACC game, but the second half was a wake for the Deacons as the Terps rolled up 61 points and won 99-78. The main difference between the halves was that Wake Forest's quarterbacking Guard Skip Brown was unable to play the second because of an intestinal disorder. Maryland also had trouble

with LIU, wasting all but three of a 21-point advantage before surging to a 99-84 win.

Treading Bucknell 9-8 midway through the first half, South Carolina Coach Frank McGuire sent in freshman Guard Jack Gilloon to see if his ballhandling wizardry could untrack the Gamecocks. It did. Within five minutes they were in front 30-11 and well on their way to an 88-74 triumph.

An effective zone defense and 20 points by Ron Hargler earned Penn State Navy 65-54. George Buccini's 29 points helped Manhattan put down Fairfield 86-74. Boston College toyed with LeMoyne 113-66 but had to huff to stop Harvard 70-66. North Carolina whipped East Tennessee State 93-71.

3. N.C. STATE (14-0) 2. PENN (13-9)

MIDWEST After losing to Louisville 91-87, Houston Coach Guy Lewis labeled the Cardinals the best team ever to appear at Hofheinz Pavilion. Then, following a 96-87 loss to North Carolina, he said, "I think North Carolina is better than Louisville. North Carolina does everything well—run, play defense, pass. And they shoot pretty well, too." To be precise, the Tarheels shot 61.2%, with

Minch Kupchak sinking 13 of 39 and scoring 31 points. In the opener against the Cardinals, the Cougars twice led by eight points and barely moved tying the score at 89 when a shot bounced over the rim with three seconds left. Wesley Cox led Louisville with 21 points and 16 rebounds, but Houston kept things close by blocking an astonishing total of 15 shots.

Oklahoma handled South Carolina with remarkable ease, shooting 59%, outrebounding the Gamecocks 33-24 and running up a 17-point lead en route to a 90-84 upset. Alvan Adams popped in 20 points for the Sooners, and when he sat down with four fouls, Rick McNeil stepped in for him and hit four quick baskets.

At home against Indiana, Kansas took the shooting skirmish 55%, to 42%, and the battle of the boards 41 to 37, but the Hoosiers won the war 74-70 in overtime. Indiana did it with a weary man-to-man defense that provoked 25 turnovers (the visitors committed only nine) and thwarted a new Jayhawk power offense designed to score from inside. Hoosier Quinn Buckner was 0 for 8 from the field, but Forward Scott May made up for his inaccuracy. He put in the Hoosiers' first nine points in overtime and finished with

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29. Sandwiched around that loss were two Kansas wins, 85-50 over Augustana (S. Dak.) and 89-34 over Iowa. Earlier the Hawkeyes, surprised Drake 86-81, with new Coach Lute Olson using only two leftovers from last season's 8-16 squad.

Another team jolted by an upset was Texas, mauled by little Centenary 96-71. Creighton's 7'1" Mike Heck, 20, died in his sleep, apparently from a cardiac disorder. Wearing armbands, bearing Heck's number, the Blue-jays lost the final of their Creighton Cage Classic to Texas-El Paso 69-63. Alabama labored past Oklahoma State 74-67.

1. LOUISVILLE (3-0) 2. KANSAS (3-1)

MIDEAST Ricky (Imperial) Gallon displayed a magnum of talent as Louisville, down 36-33 at halftime, overcame Dayton 76-65. Coming off the bench to play 19 minutes, the 6'10", 225-pound freshman center had 12 points and 11 rebounds. Junior Bridgeman added 16 points and Allen Murphy 15.

The highlight—or the low point?—of Indiana's 98-74 conquest of Kentucky was not the 26 points and 12 rebounds by Kent Benson or 25 points by Scott May. What set off

the fans in Bloomington were the antics of Hoosier Coach Bobby Knight, who became embroiled with Wildcat Coach Joe Hall and tapped him on the head as they argued.

Ron Norwood did it all and then some as DePaul struggled past St. Mary's (Calif.) 77-70. He started at guard, finished at forward, scored 23 points, had nine assists and grabbed six rebounds. Norwood was at his best in the second half, getting 19 points and five steals, and putting the clamps on the Gaels' Ralph Walker. There were eight minutes 54 seconds left in the game and DePaul trailed 58-50 when Norwood was assigned to cover Walker, who already had 26 points. From then on, Walker scored just six more.

Marquette played St. John's (Minn.) and St. Mary's (Calif.) and beat the devil out of both. The Warriors doubled the Johnnies' scoring (92-46) and took the Gaels 93-86. Bo Ellis had a total of 35 points, Lloyd Walton 34 and freshman Butch Lee 27. Still, Warrior Coach Al McGuire fretted and fumed. Of the opener he said, "Everybody knew we could win but me. It's like going into a guy's house and he says his big dog won't bite. Well, he may know it, and the dog may know it, but I don't know it."

Detroit was supposed to have a laugh

against Wisconsin-Parkside, but the Titans almost ended up in tears before winning 66-59. They blew a 12-point lead and might have lost had freshman John Long not come off the bench to get 14 points. Detroit then blasted Hillsdale 116-85 as Long had 21 points in 15 minutes. Titan Coach Dick Vitale, who made 77 substitutions in those games, once substituted for a sub who had not yet entered the game.

"We missed the band," cracked Florida State Coach Hugh Durham after squaking past Illinois State 72-70. Although the pep band could not attend the first game, it was there for the next one, a 90-63 walk over Marshall. That caused Durham to say, "The band took the challenge." It also helped that Larry Warren, a 21-point scorer against Illinois State, went 16 for 22 and had 33 points.

It was a rough week for Florida. The Gators lost 86-85 to Virginia Tech in the closing seconds, then emerged from a 55-foul tussle against UNC-Charlotte with an 89-78 win and five split lips.

Purdue beat Ball State 104-77, Memphis State downed Wisconsin-Green Bay 75-67 and Alabama stopped East Carolina 99-86.

1. INDIANA (3-0) 2. ALABAMA (2-0)



It is fourth and four and the team in purple lines up to punt. Presumably to punt. The quarterback stands directly behind the center, legs spread so that the snap can go between them to the kicker. Not this time. *Razzle dazzle.* The quarterback takes the snap and throws a swing pass to the man who has been stationed behind him to block for the punter. The play goes for 21 yards and a first down.

High school? No, the National Football League. The stout Minnesota Vikings, in fact. And if that sets you on your heels, what do you think of Minnesota's very own Mr. Reliable, Fred Cox, having missed six extra points this season? Or NFL teams making 37¹/₂ fewer field goals, Pittsburgh's Joe Gilliam throwing 50 passes in a game that lasted five quarters, and New England and St. Louis, led by players 5'5" and 5'9" respectively, smiting the Goliaths of their divisions? For a while, at least.

What's going on? The nine rule changes passed by the NFL owners last April to make their product more exciting have altered the game. An analysis of statistics for all but the last two weeks of the regular season reveals that in 1974, in defiance of the hoarsest coaching cliché, offense was more important in winning football games than defense.

This conclusion was reached by statistician Bud Goode (SI, Jan. 14) and the CalComp computer. Goode's computer analysis shows that for the first time in the last six years the number of points a team scores bears a greater relationship to its win-loss percentage than the points it allows. By extension, a strong offensive team should beat a strong defensive team.

Superficially, it is hard to see how the offense has benefited. The dramatic drop in the number of field goals, brought about by moving the posts to the back of the end zone and returning missed kicks to the line of scrimmage, has lowered scoring by 8¹/₂%. Miami, once a leader in field goals, was tied for last after 12 games. The rule prohibiting a wide receiver from making a crack-back block below the waist has tended to hamper teams that rely on end sweeps. Furthermore, the increase in coffin-corner punts has frequently given receiving teams dreadful field position. Less than 10% of drives that start inside the offensive

The offense is now in command

With 86% of the regular season over, Bud Goode's computer shows what the changes did to the game

team's 10-yard line lead to scores.

Nonetheless, the rule changes *have* helped the offense. For openers, moving the kickoff back to the 35-yard line has led to a higher percentage of returns and better field position. In addition, there is greater potential for the big play. The long pass has always been an integral part of winning, and this year its role has been even more important. The best measurement of a team's bombing capability is average yards per pass attempt. Significantly, St. Louis, the surprise team of the NFC, has shown an 11¹/₂% improvement in this, largely traceable to 5'9" Mel Gray, who is averaging more than 20 yards a catch. The worst two teams in the category, Baltimore and Atlanta, have fired coaches, but Oakland, Minnesota and Los Angeles, which clinched their division titles early, are among the leaders, as are St. Louis, Cincinnati, New England, Miami and Denver.

Could the increase in average yards per pass attempt have resulted from the new rules that prohibit defenders from cutting a receiver down at the line of scrimmage (tackling) or bumping him more than once after he has gone three yards beyond the line of scrimmage? Miami Coach Don Shula thinks so. His Dolphins have dropped from first in pass defense in 1973 to 15th in 1974, which goes a long way toward explaining their slow start. "The rule that prohibits cutting or tackling a receiver has really opened up the passing game," says Shula. "We were successful last year doing that to receivers and when you can't do it, it allows them to come down through your

secondary a lot freer than before."

One of the receivers the Dolphins harassed successfully last season was Cincinnati's Isaac Curtis. In fact, the new restrictions on pass defenders have been called the Isaac Curtis rules. This year, through 12 games, Curtis caught only 29 passes, but 10 were for touchdowns. Other speedsters who have benefited from the change are Oakland's Cliff Branch, who leads the AFC in receptions, Dallas' Drew Pearson, who leads the NFC, and Miami's sensational rookie, Nat Moore. What's more, the significance of the touchdown pass has risen. All five of the teams that had qualified for the playoffs by the 12th weekend ranked in the top half of the league in scoring passes.

The punt return also presents a better opportunity for a big play now that only two defenders can head downfield before the ball is kicked. The overall return average is up 20¹/₂%, and the number of touchdowns on runbacks, always a spectacular sight, has more than doubled. Last year Goode's computer indicated that there was virtually no correlation between a team's punt-return average and its win-loss record. Notably, San Diego, with the second-worst win-loss mark in the NFL, had the best punt return average, while Minnesota, which made it to the Super Bowl, ranked 25th. This season, however, the length of the return does bear a relationship to winning. Surprising New England, with 5'5" Mack Herron averaging better than 15 yards per return, topped the NFL in this category. Lowly Chicago was last, Terry Metcalf, St. Louis' 5'10" seatrack, ranked fourth in the NFC in punt returns and led in kickoff runbacks.

On the surface, even though overall scoring is down, offensive explosiveness is the name of the game in 1974. Some coaches do not approve. "I think we should go back to the way things were," says the Redskins' conservative George Allen. "I'd even like to put the hash marks back where they were. That was a bad change, too."

"You have to change coaches' philosophies as well as rules," points out Conrad Dobler, a St. Louis guard. "Our coach, Don Coryell, believes in moving the football, but most coaches are conservatives. But if we keep winning, you'll see a shift toward offensive football. Success breeds imitators."

END

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By the electric green table with narrow pockets under a core of light stands Hippie Jimmy, James Reid of Detroit, in his early 20s and one of the best nine-ball men of his time. Like the table, Jimmy is dressed in green, but a darker shade, close to olive. He has on tight knit flares and a matching green T-shirt with beige embroidery at the neck. On the table sit the 15 garish balls that absorb a pool hustler's skill and maybe his dreams, racked into their triangle, ready to be broken. Hippie Jimmy holds in his hand a 57-inch, 20-ounce pool cue with steel joint, ivory inlays and gray silk-wrapped butt, every inch of it handmade by Bill Stroud of Joss Cues West in the clean air of Aspen, Colo., a million miles from this big poolroom in Dayton, Ohio.

It is between matches here in the third week of the Tournament of Champions, usually called the hustlers' tournament because the matches do not include straight pool, the game of such suit-and-tie respectables as Willie Mescom and Joe Balsas. Instead they are divided among the three biggest gamblers' games: one-pocket, bank pool and nine-ball.

Jimmy begins banking balls. In the game of bank you must drive a colored ball to a rail and then into a pocket without kissing another ball in order to score a point. The first to score 23 balls out of three racks wins a match. More than three weeks of nightly matches here at Forest Park Billiards in Dayton, and if you win them all you are declared Bank Pool Champion of the World, or One-Pocket Champion or Nine-Ball Champion. Bank pool is Jimmy's weakest game, and he misses his first shot, but then he banks three in a row, misses again and runs four. Someone in the stands begins to applaud.

The six rows of bleachers are beginning to fill, mostly with ordinary-looking people. There are 62 professionals here who have paid up to \$325 to play for \$30,000 in prize money, and you might spot some of the hustlers by their sharp, mod clothes, men like Jim Rempe, or the courtiers Pete and Jimmy Fusco of Philadelphia, or Bugs Rucker, or Ronnie Allen, the younger generation. But you could be fooled by some drabily dressed middle-aged men like Boston Shorty, or Jersey Red, or Luther (Wimpy) Lasser, or that country mascot of gamblers, Combread Red, all of whom look like Middle Amer-



Into the fast company at the hustlers' tournament came Buddy Hall from Shreveport and soon the question was, would he ever lose?

Cooler hand with a cue

ica but handle a cue stick as though it were the wand of Glinda the Good of Oz.

The man thing is, it would be unwise to play pool of whatever kind for money with anybody in this room. There are some serious people here.

Jay Helfert, Toupee Jay, comes in, small, agile and bald. The toupee is what he wears the second time he plays for money in a town on the road. He and Jimmy nod at each other. Joe Burns, who owns the poolroom, turns on the lights over the two other new tables in the tournament room. Three matches will go on simultaneously, featuring each of the games. On the first table Ray Martin, winner of the 1974 World Invitational in straight pool, will be playing nine-ball against Kenny (The Trucker) McCoy. Martin, who looks like a Country-and-Western singer with his glossy black hair and blazing loud shirt, says, "Freeze that rack tight, please. I break 'em like a girl, but I want 'em froze." Hippie Jimmy and Toupee Jay are lagging for their bank-pool game on the middle table, and on table three Luther Lasser, looking like a fit, middle-aged golfer in his powder blue cardigan, is chalking up to play against Jimmy Fusco at one-pocket.

Joe Burns takes a microphone. "Ladies and gentlemen, on the first table we have two of the finest young players in

the game. In the red and black shirt is Mr. Raymond Martin. . . . Everybody is called "Master," everything is formal, but later, after the games begin, a voice on the P.A. system says, "Pittsburgh John, telephone," and nobody laughs. The name evokes all those towns where the factory hands or the mine workers gather at Johnnie's Billiards or the Eight Ball Pool Room and Cafe for intense games of nine-ball for a dollar on the five and two on the nine. The towns where men like these—skilled athletes, fine players of one of the most exacting games in the world—must go and hope to win enough money to pay the bill at the motel. Maligned in fiction and folklore, the modern hustler is seldom a "pool shark," pretending ignorance of the game until the big money is down. He comes on as a good player, even as a professional, and depends upon the fact that not everybody realizes just how good a professional is. Men like Ronnie Allen sometimes go into a pool room and say, "I'm one of the best in the world and I'll play anybody in town for 20 a game." It's surprising, Ronnie says, how often someone is curious enough, or prideful enough, to try.

The modern hustler is in fact as much of an athlete as Jack Nicklaus, and his skill and ability to withstand pressure are in the same class. But since top tourna-

continued

ment money is only a fraction of what it is in golf, these men are gamblers whether they like it or not. It would of course be foolish to say that none of them likes gambling. But they *love* pool. This tournament, formerly held in Johnson City, Ill., is perhaps the most lucrative anywhere, but the most a player can possibly win is \$12,700. And to do that he would have to sweep all three divisions (\$4,000 each for nine-ball and one-pocket, \$2,500 for the less widely played bank pool) and thereby be declared All-Around Champion for an additional \$2,200.

There are four rounds for every day of this tournament, including Sundays, at 5, 8, 9-10 and 11 p.m. And every morning at about 2 a.m. the hustling begins. They play pay-ball, six-ball, one-pocket on a snooker table, bank pool and jack-up pool for \$200, \$500, a thousand, going until dawn sometimes. But during these fast, big-money games one notices that it is the older generation that is more prominent: Jersey Red, Weene-Beene, One-Eyed Tony. The younger men are there, but they often seem less concerned with the money action. And less apt to say things like, "I'm Freddy Green, one mean jelly bean, and I came to play!" The young men watch. They play for money, certainly. But you feel that many of them would much prefer to show their hard-earned skill some other way. Maybe they dream of a *Monday Night Billiards* on network TV.

One such serious young man is a plainly dressed, pleasant-faced player named Cecil (Buddy) Hall from Shreveport. During the first two weeks of the tournament he played quietly stunning pool in the three divisions and was the only player to remain undefeated in all of them. He beat Jim Rempe, two-time nine-ball champion of the world. He beat Hippie Jimmy. In the third week he lost at one-pocket to the Aspen cuedancer, Bill Stroud. A day later he lost a match of bank pool. Now, on the final Saturday night, Hall is playing Ray Martin in the nine-ball finals.

In nine-ball only the one through nine are racked up, and the players must shoot at the balls in rotation, starting with the one. Whoever pockets the nine wins the game. Martin starts off by running three straight racks with the precision of the straight pool champion he is. On the fourth rack he is snookered on the five-ball and plays Hall safe, leaving the five

hidden at the bottom of the table and the cue ball frozen to the back rail nine feet away. It looks like bad trouble for Hall. Should he miss the five altogether it will be a foul and Martin will get the right to place the cue ball where he wants it and will be certain to finish off the rack. And God knows how many more racks after that one.

Hall studies the line like a surveyor, steps back, takes a long stroke with his cue and rifles the cue ball into the bottom rail and off it, into the five, and the five-ball slaps into the corner pocket. The crowd is silent. Then someone says, "Jesus!" And then the applause. Buddy runs the rack, and then another. On the third he makes a combination bank on the nine-ball to win it. He runs the fourth. On the fifth he misses, but when Martin steps up to shoot he looks shaken. He makes only three balls and then misses a difficult cut shot. Hall has him and he knows it. Hall's position and his safeties are riveting. His control of the cue ball is in itself a delight and a wonder to behold, and by midnight he has won the match 11 to 6. The crowd claps long and loud. Joe Burns takes the mike and announces, "The new Nine-Ball Champion of the World, Buddy Hall." Hall lays his cue stick on the table and grins.

The night before, James Brown, called "Youngblood," a small handsome black man, won the bank-pool championship. And Jimmy Marino, with long black hair and a Fu Manchu mustache, took the money in one-pocket. In 1971 Marino was the All-Around Champion of the Johnson City tournament. In one-pocket a player must make eight balls, in any order and by any means, in one of the bottom corner pockets.

On Sunday night the All-Around matches are to be played among division champions: Brown, Marino and Hall. There has been some argument over just how this should be done, and a solution is arrived at that is by no means welcomed by all concerned: each player will shake a numbered ball out of a "pull" bottle, a sort of leather vase. The man who gets No. 2 will have a bye and will play only the winner of the first series.

Marino draws the bye, and a coin is tossed to give one of the other two players his choice of the first game to be played. Brown wins and softly says, "Bank pool, man." Hall says, "And nine-ball next."

Bank pool is a Southerner's game, es-

pecially a black man's, they say. Brown is from Texas, black indeed, and he bunks the eyes right off those balls, winning 23 to 12. Hall tries to look unconcerned, but there are beads of sweat on his forehead. But he gets his own back with a vengeance in the nine-ball match, running rack after rack and getting Brown so far down that at one point he is almost staggering and miscues on the eight-ball. He mutters something about having taken too many No-Doz pills, and sits down resignedly. Hall 11, Brown 5.

So one-pocket will decide it. And Hall plays so safely, so accurately, with such control of himself and of the spinning, colored balls on the bright green table that he overwhelms Brown three games to none. Brown shakes his head wearily, and then offers his hand to Hall. Hall is happy, but he is beginning to show strain. It is 1:30 a.m.

And then Marino—who has been called "Bird Dog" because of his way of pointing his cue stick at the ball before shooting it, comes striding in, bouncing and fresh, ready to play. The coin is flipped. Marino wins the toss and astonishes everyone by calling, "Nine-ball," Hall's best game.

But who could beat Buddy Hall at nine-ball here in Dayton, Ohio in the middle of this night? Hall's game is, if possible, even better than before. Fatigue is clearly there, but the good right arm is like a lovely machine. It rifles balls in, knives balls in, coaxes balls in, slams balls in, nudges balls in and always the cue ball rolls where he wants it to roll. Marino gets in a few very good ones, but Hall wipes him out 11 to 4.

Then the bank pool. And Buddy Hall, who had looked so weak at this a few hours before, seems to have developed a special midnight radar. It is click, thump and plop into the pocket, as though Hall had rubber bands on the balls. Marino plays a fine game, but Hall is hot and clear and high. And the bank-pool game, usually the slowest of the tournament, is over almost before the hypnotized crowd is aware of it. Hall 23, Marino 17. It is 3:30 in the morning and the spectators have been crazy to have a champion and now they have one. Joe Burns steps up to the mike and says, "The new All-Around Champion of the Tournament of Champions, the best pool player in the world, Buddy Hall."

Hall wipes his forehead and again he grins.

END

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Wilderness will find you

Lulled to inattention by valid reports of its disappearance, you may be forgiven for forgetting it is still there, lying in ambush

The demise of the American wilderness has been lamented by a generation of journalists, myself included. Laden with our cameras, notebooks and sorrow, whole battalions of us have assaulted the slender remnants of forest, swamp and desert, stuffing the flowers, breathing the unsullied air and fuming at the dying of the wild. I have personally sought wilderness in Jeeps, mounted on skeptical horses and on foot. Alone and on safari. In Alaska and Florida and Maine and selected points in between. I've felt its satisfactions, not the least of which are the pleasures of enjoying precincts plainly marked for extinction.

But recent experience has muddied my perspective and pierced an illusion or two, and I am here to report that in the

thorny reaches of this still expansive land it is no trick to find the wilderness. Wilderness sometimes finds you; it waits in ambush for you. And if you're not expecting it, as I was not on a recent expedition in Nevada, it can still scare the hell out of you.

My misadventure was overlaid with irony. I was at work on a book in TIME-LIFE's series on *The American Wilderness*. My subject was the Great Basin, that vast region of sage-covered plains and dun mountains between Great Salt Lake and the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and my job was to describe and characterize the wild reaches of that country.

To do this it was necessary to hurl myself once more into the wilderness. In fact only a week before, I had emerged, un-

scarred and thoroughly satisfied with myself, from three days alone in an isolated corner of Nevada's Black Rock Desert. So I was *into* wilderness, you might say. I was no Jim Bridger, to be sure, but I flattered myself that I had a modest talent for survival in the wild and could cope with, and even appreciate, any obstacles I might encounter.

On this particular Friday afternoon in July I was on my way to an interview. I had rented a car in Elko, Nev. and obtained directions to a ranch 50 miles northeast of the city, where I had an appointment with its owner. The directions were simple enough—30 miles east on the highway, then north for 20 miles on a well-marked and graded gravel road. Since this was clearly a foray within the boundaries of civilization I would have no need for outdoor gear—boots, canteen, sleeping bag and the like. I was outfitted like the average Connecticut tourist: I was short-sleeved shirt, slacks, a light jacket and soft-soled suede loafers.

I had driven 10 miles north on the gravel road when I came to another road forking off to the east. It had not been mentioned in the directions, so I continued straight north as instructed. Four miles farther on, the car bounced over a little

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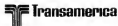
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mound in the road and came down with a sharp *thunk* atop a boulder, perhaps a foot high, which had somehow escaped my attention. I looked in the rearview mirror and noticed I was leaving a trail of dark liquid. By the time I stopped and looked underneath, the last drops of oil were trickling out of the battered oil pan. I tried the ignition. Nothing happened.

It was 4:30 p.m., the temperature was about 90 and by my reckoning I was six miles from my destination. I had seen no other cars on the gravel road. In fact, as I looked around I saw no signs of man whatever, with the exception of the road itself; no fences, no ranches, no line camps, not even any cattle. It was absolutely still.

I decided that the best course would be to abandon the car and set out on foot for the ranch. I knew that this road was the only north-south route in a band about 100 miles wide, so it seemed reasonable to expect that another car would come by before long. More for appearance than anything else I took my jacket along. The road climbed up a gradual but persistent grade. The elevation here was about 7,000 feet and I was heading into higher country. I estimated that I could walk at least three miles an hour, maybe five if I really moved.

After about 40 minutes I began to get thirsty. The late afternoon sun was hot, and I knew that my first requirement was water. A little after 5:30 I saw a building beside the road ahead of me, but as I came closer I noticed there were no vehicles about and no fresh tracks. The door was padlocked. I peered in a window and saw a single room with a large table in the middle and a sink along one wall. Was it a line camp? I walked around the house and discovered a metal pipe about two feet in diameter protruding from the ground. A piece of burlap had been lashed over the opening at the top. I untied the burlap and looked down—water glistened unmistakably about 10 feet below. But how to get at it?

Then I noticed an old-rum-sized trash can near the door. Rummaging through it, I came up with a fairly clean coffee can and a long piece of wire. I cut a hole in the can with my pocketknife and strung the wire through it, then dipped it into the well. I took a long drink and refilled the can to carry with me, then replaced the burlap cover and started hiking again.

After another half-hour I began to sus-

pect that traffic on this road was something less than bumper to bumper, and since it was now past six o'clock I doubted that it was going to pick up. The sun was dipping lower and there was a slight breeze through the sage. The country was stark and silent. Sage-covered hills meandered off to the north on both sides of me. The road was pocked with animal holes. A jackrabbit scurried out of a bush and across the road. A mile or two farther—I was still moving fairly briskly—a startled deer swished the brush no more than 20 feet in front of me and crossed the road in two bounds. I watched it bounce gracefully off through the sage.

I trudged on, my pace slowing a little, but buoyed by the confidence that I was nearing the ranch. I saw a grove of aspen, which meant that water was somewhere about, and on investigating I found a feeble little creek gurgling about 100 yards off the road. It appeared to parallel the road for some distance. Water was not going to be a problem.

By 8:30 I was certain that I had gone more than six miles, but there was still no sign of a ranch house. I had seen a few grazing cattle and even a fenced water hole, so maybe it was over the next rise. Maybe it wasn't. Doubts began hardening in my mind. I knew that in this type of country cattle frequently graze 50 miles from the home ranch. The most alarming thought was that I had missed the turnoff to the ranch back at that fork I passed. That meant that this road was taking me into terra incognita. There was a town up ahead, but it was 30 or 40 miles off. Now I was getting worried and frustrated. I would walk for another hour and if I still found nothing I would head back.

I passed a small grassy meadow. It was a natural campsite; a bluff protected it from wind and there was soft grass and stream water. I made a mental note of the time and decided that it would be best to return there if nothing turned up. I collected some rocks and piled them on the road so I'd recognize the place if I came back to it during the night.

My feet were getting sore, and I knew that I had walked at least 10 miles, probably more. I was certain now that I had missed the turnoff to the ranch. At least the moon was out and it was light enough to walk but it was unlikely that any cars were going to show up. I cursed out loud, which succeeded only in arousing a few

ravens that were about, and turned around.

In less than an hour I was back at the campsite I had spotted. It was obvious now that I would be spending the night somewhere on this perfidious road. My anger was focusing on the road; it was *on the map*, it was an established link between somewhere and somewhere else, yet it was silent as stone, empty as a ruined cathedral, as tough and unpromising as the earth around it.

I still had my coffee-can drinking cup, and I drank several cups of water for dinner. I was beginning to appreciate my jacket. The temperature often drops 50 degrees at night in this country, and it was getting chilly. I collected a pile of dead sage branches and built a tepee of twigs to start a fire, a technique learned from guides on previous, better-planned wilderness expeditions. I had just six matches with me.

I stuffed notebook paper and cellophane from a cigarette package under the twigs and lit a match. The cellophane burned out. I tried again. Same result. I tried the paper twice. It also refused to burn. I moved the twig tepee, thinking there might be a breeze I had not detected. This time the paper got going but the twigs wouldn't catch. I was failing the test of the outdoors. I made my final match last by lighting a cigarette with it (*that* burned all right), then lighting a second cigarette off the first, and then a third. Still the twigs wouldn't catch. No fire. It was too cold to sleep without one. My feet were blistering and my walking speed had slowed considerably, but I knew then I would have to head back down the road toward the car. At 11:30 I set off once again.

Walking had become painful, and to take my mind off my feet I counted steps. I estimated my stride at about a yard, and decided that I would count 1,760 strides, which should be a mile, and then take a 10-minute break to rest and rub my feet. I counted off the strides—one mile, two miles, three. The breaks became longer and it became harder to get back up after each one. A mad chorus of coyotes yapped somewhere off in the dark silhouettes of the hills. After three miles my knees began to stiffen, and for the first 10 or 20 yards after each break I staggered from one side of the road to the other like a boozey cowboy. The exhilaration was long gone now. So was my drugstore-outdoorsman's notion that I

continued

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NATURE continued

was going to walk out of this myself, that no one would have to rescue me. I was now willing to be saved. The air was cool and pleasant and, despite everything, it was a strangely satisfying place to be—the long dark shadows of the mountains, the bright moon reflecting on the meandering stream, the sudden flustered flurries of birds or small animals in the bush. But my feet were giving out, my shoes weren't going to last indefinitely. It would be hot again tomorrow.

There was one long uphill stretch on the walk back. By the time I reached it, my pace was ponderously slow and I was pausing after each half-mile. Then something truly strange happened; if I were religious I might call it a miracle, or if I were humbler it might make me religious. At some point on this hill a bird fluttered up from the road in front of me, flew squawking for about 30 or 40 yards, then landed on the road again. As I came stumbling up it repeated the same routine—fluttering, fussing, then landing ahead of me. It never flew behind me or off to the side. The bird must have repeated this 15 or 16 times; it seemed to me that it was with me for nearly an hour. When I reached the top of the hill, which wasn't easy, the bird was gone, without a sound. In my weariness and fevered imagination it seemed to me that it had been nagging me up the hill, scolding and imploring and fussing at me until I made it. Then, the job done, it silently withdrew. A fantasy of the footsore, perhaps, but there it is. And let the word go forth from this day forward that any tired, lame or discouraged bird has a friend in me.

I slogged on, downhill now, and at about four o'clock I made out the shape of the little building where I had found the coffee can. I celebrated by taking a drink from the stream and indulging in a 20-minute break before the final push. I was within 100 yards of the house—I was going to stop there and head for the car when the sun came up—when I heard an alien sound, the mechanical thumping of an engine. Straining, I could even hear the bumping of wheels along the gravel. Then a pair of headlights rounded a curve. I stood at the side of the road and waved—anxiously, but I hoped not frantically. The lights came closer and resolved themselves into a dilapidated pickup truck that, unbelievably, went by me! For a few seconds I just stood there, letting the shock and anger boil up. Then I realized that the truck had lurched to a

continued

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NATURE continued

step about 100 yards beyond. I walked slowly back to it and met the driver standing on the road in the blazing glare of his lights.

He was a wiry, gnarled-looking old cowboy with bowed legs and wire-rim glasses. He looked at me skeptically. "Stopped a little slow 'cuz my damned brakes ain't no good," he said. "Where you going, boy?"

I started to hurt out my story, saying that I was looking for the Mary's River Ranch and my car had broken down. You must have seen it back there . . .

"Yep, I seen it," he said. I added that I'd been walking for 12 hours and was glad to see him.

"You were a-going the wrong way, weren't you?" he said. My gratitude had not moved him.

"Yeah, I finally figured I was," I said. "Was that fork back there the turnoff to the ranch?"

"Yep," he said. "Well, you might as well get in."

In the truck he told me that his name was Jack Wise and that he was on his way to a cow camp about 25 miles away. A roll of toilet paper and a sirloin steak, cow camp necessities, rested on the dashboard. He told me that what I had taken for a line camp was actually a "sheep-shearin'" outfit, but there ain't no one works there this time of year. "I asked him about the meager flow of traffic on this road.

"Well, you're about half-lucky I came by," he replied. "You coulda been out there two, three days without no car coming."

"How far would I have had to walk before I came to civilization?" I asked.

He thought it over for a moment. "Oh, reckon about 40 miles," he said.

I don't know what lesson my experience offers besides the obvious common-sense message that one should be prepared when traveling in uninhabited country. I can testify that I saw and experienced as much wilderness during that episode as I did on the occasions when I went out looking for it. Beyond that, as an incorrigibly romantic wind-kisser and wilderness buff I'm damned glad that one can still get that stranded on an American road. I'm pleased as a Christmas babe to find country that big and empty and open, I'm thrilled by the lusty presence of unexpected wilderness, and never, never again will I pronounce it dead.

END

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by J.D. Reed

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CONTINUED

Gott's game

After the war, during which AMF made bomb casings and other heavy metal ordnance, a line it continues to this day, the bowling operation became its prime business. It met the equipment demands—Pinspotters, balls, ball returns, shoe bags—for America's 30 million bowlers throughout the '50s and '60s and then turned to Japan and other countries seeking a wider market for its wares.

By the mid-'60s the board of directors was fully aware of the potential in the leisure field. Since the corporation already had a toehold in recreation with its bowling operation, the decision was made to gradually acquire more sports-related companies. That decision assumed AMF would try to buy out the leader, in prestige and quality, of any given field.

AMF now operates 54 divisions and subsidiaries, 104 branches in 15 countries. Many of its 33,000-plus employees are hardly aware of the sprawling AMF world headquarters in White Plains, N.Y. The company is trying to correct this sad fact with corporate newsletters for both management and labor.

But it was not until the early '70s that AMF decided to lay claim publicly to its gigantic holdings. One employee recalls the old days nostalgically: "You could woe a cocktail party by saying, 'I'm with Head skis!' It's not quite the same now when I tell people, 'I'm with AMF.'" The decision to go to a solid, tight-knit corporate image was made in hopes of long-term benefits. In the spring of 1973 magazine ads began presenting a spanking new AMF. And that September when millions sat down with beer and pretzels to watch ABC's *Wide World of Sports* there was a rush of AMF commercials, one every few minutes. The screen glowed with Harley-Davidson, Hatteras, Voit, Head, Alcott, Ben Hogan, Skamper and Roadmaster ads. By the end of last year the country's sportsmen were beginning to realize how much equipment came from AMF. The neon red stamp could be found everywhere, on bleachers and skip ropes and the local high school's cheerleader skirts.

The consumer still may not know that the corporation probably is filtering his beer, twisting his pretzels and compacting his garbage. Those operations are so specialized that AMF only advertises them in industry journals. The idea is to be known as a sports company.

A familiar trivia game in bars is guessing which enormous multinational corporation is behind what well-known product. There are easy ones, like GM owns Frigidaire, and more difficult ones, like Fiat owns Ferrari.

"The problem at AMF is exactly the opposite of, say, the one at ITT," explains Mitchell DeGroot, of AMF's advertising firm, Fuller & Smith & Ross. "Everybody knows the initials ITT even if he can't name a single ITT-owned company. But at AMF the franchises are so strong that the corporate logo gets lost next to Head or Harley-Davidson."

"When AMF came to us in 1969 it had a bowling-alley image. So we tried a few specials, like *Bob Hope* and *Of Thee I Sing*, but there was no continuity. Then came ABC. *The Wide World of Sports* package was unique. The network had never allowed a single sponsor to take a half-hour with no competition. That would cost. We got 116 minutes for \$3 million."

What AMF wanted, DeGroot says, was "rub-off—crossing brand names with the corporate image of excellence. Take a guy who owns an Alcott Force 5 sailboat and wants to get transportation to and from his dock. If he knows AMF made his sailboat and it's a damn good one, when he looks at motorcycles, you want him to realize that AMF is in the market with a Harley-Davidson 125-cc machine." Although a Heli's Angel won't jump the rail and take up sailing in Head tennis shirts unless his hog falls off the Golden Gate bridge, rub-off can have subtle and substantial effects.

But AMF fretted about the inherent dangers in its alliance with *Wide World*. Would an athlete using a competitor's equipment be shown winning? ABC was accommodating, agreeing to substitute commercials in embarrassing situations. Even with that decided, the show arrangements were sensitive. "Each Tuesday we had scenario sessions with ABC," says DeGroot. "The network knew by then about 90% of that week's show, but the live segments couldn't be nailed down. We had to speculate. If a motorcycle race was scheduled, we wanted to have a Harley-Davidson ad running, of course. But if there was an accident in the race, then we wanted ABC to pull the Harley ad and go to Hatteras yachts, or something." In advertising circles there is still talk about the time Sweden

continued

Until recently AMF Incorporated, the world's largest manufacturer of leisure products (industry's euphemism for fun and games), seemed to yearn for anonymity. While it was peddling 2.5 million bikes every year and eight million balls and 80,000 motorcycles and a fleet of boats, AMF was being thought of as a bowling company fallen on hard times. In fact, it was operating on a nice soft cushion with a \$57 million annual profit.

Now suddenly the corporation is clamoring for attention. Head tennis and ski equipment is being stamped AMF in neon red. Stamp Harley-Davidson. Stamp Sanfish. Stamp Sailfish. Stamp Voit. Stamp Skamper. Stamp Ben Hogan. Yes, even that.

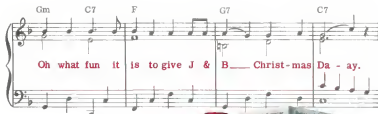
AMF is ubiquitous, an excellent place to begin any look at leisure today, and also perhaps an indicator of the sport of tomorrow.

American Machine & Foundry Company (the full name was abandoned in 1970) was founded in 1900 by the American Tobacco Company to make machinery for weighing tobacco and rolling cigarettes. The company soon added automated bakery machinery to its line and, with the invention of sliced bread, became proverbial in manufacturing circles.

In the 1930s AMF got into the sports field almost by accident. While casting about for new products, a group of engineers working in a backyard with old vacuum pumps and inverted graveyard cones developed the automatic Pinspotter for the then-small sport of bowling.

Jingle Bells

(Sing it our way. And make your Christmas merrier.)



J&B
 RARE
 SCOTCH

Go Fly a Buick.

BUICK REGAL. The world is full of Point A's and Point B's. And we Americans spend a good part of our time getting from one to the other.

That being the case, it is our considered opinion that time spent in transit ought to include a healthy portion of good times. Soaring spirits. Stuff like that.

Not unlike those which may be obtained by getting from place to place in a Buick Century Regal.

It is, for starters, a car that is fun to look at. Outside, handsome. Well built. Inside, a garden of earthly delights. With things like plush, thick pile carpeting. Big, comfortable seats. A center armrest. A simulated wood-grain instrument panel. Lots of room.

You're going to have a swell time in there.

But Buicks, like people, are not made to sit around. So before you buy, drive one.

Because among other things, the Regal is truly a driver's car.

Complete with steel-belted radial tires, a High-Energy ignition system, and a brand new 3.8 liter V-6 engine. An engine built by people who remember what performance is.

And for those of you who want a V-8, there are two of those available, too.

All in all, Regal is some set of wheels, as they say.

But enough of this. What you ought to do now, is put down this magazine and go fly a Buick Century Regal, to be specific.



It's a good time just waiting to be had. At your Buick dealers.

BUICK Dedicated to
the Free Spirit in just about everyone.



Gott's game Continued

Savage wiped out at Indy. The cameras cut away to an STP ad with Andy Granatelli dancing around the Brickyard. Savage was his driver in the STP Special.

The corporation and the advertising firm are convinced the *Wide World* commercials have succeeded. AMF's new image has cost upwards of \$60 million, and to assure that it lasts, close to \$12 million is being spent each year.

Rodney C. Gott, 63, president and chairman of the board of directors, is the spokesman for the direction AMF is taking and himself a fine example of American leisure in action. Gott does not behave like the high-pressure corporate biggie who phones brokers from his private limo on the way to his Lear jet. In fact, Gott can often be found on two wheels rather than four. He is fond of rolling out his Harley-Davidson Sportster and, with his gallant and stately wife on the back, roaring from Westchester to West Point to watch his old alma mater get trounced.

Gott's military training is evident in his bearing. His words are shadowed by a lurking Yankee accent. In the face of the fast-disappearing "discretionary dollar" and the energy crisis, the ex-colonel remains convinced of the endurance of the leisure-time industry. "Leisure is one of the most promoted words in America—the unions scream it, the doctors and psychiatrists scream it. There are Heritage Villages all over. Maybe it started with the Paul Dudley Whites riding bicycles and golfing. But the biggest reason is money. Self-involvement in sport and recreation is no longer just for the wealthy. People are playing golf on public courses, there are public tennis courts and public boat landings, and people are using recreational vehicles to get there."

Recent trends make AMF cautious, in spite of Gott's enthusiasm. Leisure products make up 63% of the corporation's business. "We have downside protection with our automated machinery and other industrial products," he says. "If there is a severe setback in recreation, we can switch our emphasis to the industrial sector. Currently, we're beefing up that area, investing new capital there and in research and development."

The commitment to sport is based on boardroom history as well as financial reality. "I joined the company in 1946," says Gott. "At that time we had just

come into the bowling deal, which put us officially in the leisure field. Then in 1951 we acquired Wheel Goods, a leading bicycle maker, and that established the pattern of our acquisition, buying the best in sports equipment firms."

AMF is trying to imitate the step-up program of Alfred Sloan of General Motors. GM has your transportation needs in hand from Chevrolet to Cadillac, as you become increasingly affluent. Although existing antitrust laws prevent AMF from acquiring competing subsidiaries, it can vary the products within a company. "We added a less expensive line of clubs to the Ben Hogan Company," Gott says, "to get a larger market share and larger volume in keeping with the idea that less affluent sportsmen abound in America. This will also let the customer step up to the classier line when he can afford it."

"Our problem is that we bought the Cadillac of every product. You can't make a Chevrolet of a Hatteras yacht. All we can hope for there is to get into smaller cruisers, the 20-foot class, which we'll do soon."

For all its divisions, disparate and widespread, AMF provides task force teams of management personnel that are available, like the squads on *Mission Impossible*, to fly to outposts having production, operational or financial problems. Softballs won't curve? Call a materials team down to Vot-Hofran in Tampa, Fla. and it will have matters unstraightened out in no time at all.

Then, too, Rodney Gott has been known to jolt the dignity of the control room (a Naugahyde and Formica den of power next to his office in the White Plains headquarters) while complaining about the vibration of a new Harley-Davidson engine. Having summoned the motorcycle products group V.P., Gott will vroom around the room on an imaginary bike, demonstrating its shakiness. The only things in the room that are trembling other than Gott are the hands of the V.P. "I like to kid him, too," says an amused Gott. "I told him something was wrong because my Sportster couldn't go over 85 mph. My old one would break a ton [100 mph]. He became pale and said he'd look into it, but I shouldn't go that fast. It was against the law. I didn't have the heart to tell him my wife was on the back." Like other corporations, AMF has a rule that no more than two

executives can fly on the same airplane, but who is to tell the president to stay off his hog?

One gets the feeling that a boardroom scenario at AMF might go something like this:

Board Member A: We've got money in the bank, how about a flour mill? I know of a good one. It's called Pillsbury.

Board Member B: Naw, I want a drop-forge company. I like to hear hammers fall.

Board Member C: Work, Work, Work! I want to go skiing this weekend! Let's buy the Head Company.

Rodney Gott is reserved about the firms currently in the AMF fire, other than Ben Hogan's, but he does dream. "I love to fish," he says. "We've got four boat companies. I can't even keep a Hatteras, though. I was in the Bahamas on a 53-foot Convertible Fisherman and it was sold out from under me. What we don't have is a tackle facility. I feel bad when I have to use a lure that AMF doesn't make." There is an acquisitive look in his eyes.

The energy crisis of last winter drove AMF to bat for both itself and the industry, and the following message gives an indication of corporate fears:

To: William E. Simon
Federal Energy Administration

This telegram is to alert you to my concern regarding the allocation of energy resources among various segments of our economy.

Each of us is responsible for whatever waste has occurred. In the American tradition, each of us, therefore, should share equally in cutbacks.

I am particularly concerned lest the leisure industry be mistakenly regarded as providing only "fun" a "non-essential" which could be dispensed with. Last year, Americans spent more than \$100 billion on travel, hotels, restaurants, boating, skiing and other leisure activities. This money wound up in paychecks of the estimated 5.1 million people who work directly in the leisure field or allied services, such as resort storekeepers. To boat makers and ski lift operators, to the travel agents and innkeepers, the leisure industry is obviously not just fun. The leisure industry means an income—a living. A major segment of these 5.1

Continued

Golf's game

million workers could face unemployment as a result of unfair energy allocations.

Please do not allow them to be discriminated against. To do so would not be in the American tradition.

Rodney C. Gott

The leisure market as a whole is becoming less attractive to investors. Through 1968 and 1969 leisure was a magic word on Wall Street, sending stock prices soaring, but AMF's present, near-low of \$10 per share of common is typical of an industry that depends on oil. Inflation is keeping families home and away from resorts. The consumer's discretionary dollar disappears in the supermarket and new swim fins have to wait until next year.

With each AMF division or subsidiary vying for its share of the leisure market and posting its own profits and losses, infighting is unavoidable. Head is unconcerned about Voif's problems, Harley about Skamper.

For instance, the corporation could profit, but seldom does, by centralized buying. During last winter's oil crunch AMF was able to purchase fiber-glass resins in great quantities for its boat divisions, its lawn and tractor unit, Harley's golf cart factory and Head skis. But this was exceptional.

AMF does maintain research and test facilities in Stamford, Conn., where the products of all its divisions are measured for durability and safety. Engineers are currently building a machine to test the fatigue properties of the new Head Competition tennis racket. This will save Arthur Ashe many hours of personal research. In a similar case, when his company was developing a new golf ball, Ben Hogan insisted on spending months on a Fort Worth, Tex., range, whacking away at the ball's deficiencies.

The AMF lab also is tinkering with new products ranging from a two-piece swim fin to ski boots to an inflatable bicycle seat. Says Paul Marinaccio, the chemist testing the seat, "We've got to restructure the tubular pattern. You keep slipping to the side."

Another of Marinaccio's current concerns is the plop of plastic. "If a bowler hits the pocket with our new all-plastic bowling pins, they must sound like wood," he says, knocking two test models together. The company was obsessed

with getting Voif's nylon baseball but to resound like a Louisville Slugger because the earliest aluminum bats had the hollow ring of an ice tray when a ball was hit. At the lab's suggestion the AMF bat is being made with a wooden core and packs a reassuring wallop.

With the federal trade laws placing limits on acquisitions, the corporation is relying on a think-tank to develop new products for existing companies. The engineer in charge, Dr. Thomas W. Butler Jr., looks like Tom Swift but is supremely market-oriented. "I tell all the idea men in the AMF family, if it doesn't fill an immediate marketing need forget about it," he says. "Ideas about the nature of materials and sport are changing so rapidly that the 'long run' is about 11 months."

"I think the biggest opportunity right now is in marketing petroleum-saving vehicles. We're working on making the bicycle a more attractive form of travel for a wide variety of people. It'll upset the purists, but we've almost achieved energy storage. Say you coast down a hill, with the rotation of the wheels picking up energy in a flywheel or a piston. You will then flip a lever and get the push back, going up the next hill. The *skewer* has served well in its time, but it's too difficult for many folks, so an automatic transmission for bikes is on the way." Just inflate the seat and it'll be like a 1937 Chevrolet, perhaps.

"We don't want to enter a market that is all sewn up," Butler says. "Take tennis balls. Too many on the market—Spalding, Pennsylvania and so on. We've got the natural product identification with Head, but consider. . . . Why is there fuzz on tennis balls? To break up the air flow and make them fly true, of course. There are only five or six companies that put hair on tennis balls. A golf ball flies true because of dimples. Why not a dimpled tennis ball or stitching as on a baseball? And what's so sacred about three balls in a can? Why three? Why a can that costs more than the product? The thinking of 100 years ago needs retooling."

AMF test engineers may be hitting bald tennis balls even now, and there is talk of doing away with traditional golf clubs, venerable Ben Hogan notwithstanding. "A putter does 40% of the work on a golf course," says Butler. "Why are there 13 clubs for the other

60% of the shots? Not very efficient." Will Tom Swift soon announce he has created an electric five-iron?

A look at an AMF take-over of an American institution:

At the Victorian brick factory of Harley-Davidson in Milwaukee, a steely, no-nonsense IRS investigator prowls around the file cabinets trying to locate, with the help of a secretary, the company's financial records on Evel Knievel, who rides Harleys in his leaps. "Maybe if he survives the Snake River Canyon, Evel should try to jump the treasury building," observes one worker. The IRS man remains as impressively dangerous as a 1040 Form.

Harley-Davidson merged with AMF in 1969, just as the full extent of the Japanese motorcycle invasion was being felt in the saddlebags. No one has ever denied that Harley-Davidson made a fine product, and by way of minor proof the Imperial Palace Guard in Tokyo, home of Honda, rides Harleys. "Before AMF came in," says an official at Harley, "our production and marketing techniques were so antiquated you wouldn't believe we were in the 20th century."

And even now, after the benefit of AMF expertise in automation and machinery, massive capital infusions and marketing savvy, Harley, one of two surviving American motorcycle manufacturers, holds just a slim 5.5% of the U.S. market. "That's because the market mushroomed so much during the gas shortage," says Duane Unkefer of Harley's marketing department. "Last winter you could sell anything with two wheels and a motor in between—and other companies did. Our problem has been to speed up production while hanging on to our quality. A York, Pa. factory is helping us assemble bikes." Last year Harley produced 80,000 motorcycles, and a greater number of golf carts than ever before. Recently it entered the overfed snowmobile market and took a beating. "There's been no snow. Not for three years now," complains Unkefer.

President John Davidson, grandson of the founder, has his own complaints: "There are a lot of adjustments to make when a conglomerate takes over. Management people are worried that in the shuffle heads will roll, and a few have. But AMF apparently isn't a 'new broom' corporation. A larger fear is that the new

parent company will come in, milk the brand name for a quick profit and then turn to other interests.

"It's a long process of education when you've got a diversified company on top. We've got a sexy product here, and these guys have been used to beer filters and cigarette-rolling machines. The people who use our product are genuine enthusiasts, they can't be conned. And we've got a complex product to sell."

Harley-Davidson has given AMF some ideas, too. "For a long time we've had a financing company connected with Harley," says Davidson. "Rodney Gott has talked about making that kind of thing company-wide, a sort of GMAC for all sports products. That would be helpful in the more expensive things like boats and campers."

"Harley-Davidson also has an insurance company, dating from the days when motorcyclists could not get insurance. Gott hasn't said anything about

that yet." Davidson, perhaps understandably, sounds protective of his grandfather's operation.

When one considers the spheres of influence in which AMF is operating, insurance is a trifling matter. The corporation is now in a position to affect cultures and social attitudes, and this implies a moral obligation that overshadows the basic corporate motivator—profit. Sport, aided and abetted by the manufacturers of equipment, may be moving the world toward its future in ways that make the Olympic Games look like simple dominoes.

With its capital assets, its lobby and its influence, AMF could run into trouble as easily as ITT did, for business and sport now mix in unique and large scale ways. AMF sponsored the United States team in the 1973 World University Games held in Moscow. Not only did it supply equipment and uniforms, the cor-

poration paid to fly the athletes to Russia, and Rodney Gott, beaming in a team blazer, led the U.S. squad into Lenin Stadium. Some months before the Games, the Russian Minister of Trade had expressed interest in a tire retreading machine made by AMF. Not long after the Games AMF and the Soviets concluded a \$2.5 million deal. "We didn't take the team to Russia for any other reason than the athletic event," says Gott. "Of course, we expected publicity for our effort. The machinery deal was just extra." If sport is not exactly an instrument of détente, it is, in the case of AMF, a good entering wedge. The U.S.S.R. has purchased a substantial amount of AMF equipment since the University Games.

In sum, AMF's brash young image, so expensively contrived, so delicately maintained, is serving a purpose. But the future will demand self-control and care. Rodney Gott and AMF best be on the ball. That's AMF-Voit, of course. **END**

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The wrong name.

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So before we find Tullamore Dew topping a list of the world's great scotches, we just want to make sure you know it for what it is: a smooth, light, mellow Irish whiskey.

Try Tullamore Dew, if you haven't already. And try, also, to get the name right.

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BLENDED IRISH WHISKEY.
IT'S WHAT A LOT
OF FORMER SCOTCH DRINKERS
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and kisses and toasts
and laughter.
And, mostly,
there was indescribable joy.
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shared by many
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As I Saw It

by RICK TELANDER

ONE BRAVE FAN FOUND THE WAY TO INSURE A VICTORY: HE SOLD HIS SOUL

For a while the Missouri Valley Conference had perhaps the best basketball in the country. In the late '50s and early '60s, during the post-cold-war and pre-UCLA days, it couldn't be beat.

If you lived in Peoria, Ill. and you were a kid, you knew this. Older people knew it, too, but they reacted in a more subdued manner. As 10- and 12-year-olds, we were not subtle. We dribbled our basketballs to school each morning, down the road—*poing, poing, poing*—over the sidewalks—*frap, frap*—across the gravel path—*crunch*—and through the big front doors. The polished tile gave a nice resonance to the chilled balls—*whark-a, whark-a, whark-a*—as we bounced them around little girls and up the steps. One bounce per stair, careful of edges. In the hall you might pass a buddy going the other way. Both of you would be humming the Bradley University fight song.

"Good morning, Chet," he'd say, meaning Chet Walker.

"Easy does it, Al bube," you'd say, meaning Al Saunders.

"Big O tomorrow night at the snake-pit, pal. Cincinnati. Gotta have it," he'd say, dribbling on by.

"Yeah, the Big O. We'll stuff him, Al. Stuff him. Boom!"

Whark-a, whark-a. You'd continue on up the hall passing other friends with basketballs. You'd steal their balls, they'd steal yours. You'd pass, weave in and out, go one-on-one, ricochet the balls off the ceiling, dunk, hook and shoot free throws until the teacher came out. You weren't allowed to dribble in the halls.

They could take your ball away, but the images jumping in your head were untouchable. The words were there, important magic words: Cincinnati, Wichita State, Tulsa, Drake, Houston, North Texas State, St. Louis, Louisville and, above them all, Bradley. Your home team. With names that slipped off your

tongue like pearls: Chet (The Jet) Walker, Joe Billy McDade, Bohhy Joe Mason, Mack (The Knife) Herndon, Tim (The Rim) Robinson, Levern Tart, Al Saunders. The Bradley Braves were so good. Sometimes you could feel a directionless energy, almost a frenzy, overwhelming you as you sat at your desk thinking, "Teacher," you wanted to scream, "give me my basketball!"

You knew that the Missouri Valley was the roughest league anywhere. Cincinnati was the only team consistently better than Bradley. The Bearcats would win or tie for the conference six years in a row, and in 1961 and 1962 they would win the NCAA championship. All the kids you knew hated Cincinnati as much as they hated Communism.

Monday mornings we demolished the papers searching out and memorizing every scrap from Bradley's weekend games.

"How many did The Jet have on Saturday?"

"Twenty-nine."

"What was the attendance?"

"Uh . . . 7,800."

"Wrong. It was 7,980."

"O.K. then. How many guys dunked during warmups?"

"Fourteen."

"Fifteen."

"You're crazy."

"Fifteen. Every guy on the team dunked."

"Fourteen. Max Sanders is only 5'8". He did not dunk."

"Fifteen. My uncle was there. He saw him."

"Liar."

"He saw him. I told him to watch. The crowd went crazy. Max Sanders dunked the ball!"

"He did not."

"HE DUNKED THE BALL!"

Whack! The teacher's ruler on the back of the head. Basketball was a topic not allowed in class.

About this same time a lot of us were deeply involved with religion. Though we went to a public school, there were quite a few Catholics among us. On Sundays our parents took us over to St. Thomas Church for catechism class, then we came home and hit the courts. It was easy to combine doctrines of similar intensity. When the bishop came to church one day to bless our missals, rosaries, etc., one boy held up his autographed Bradley basketball program. Another wore his gym shoes, hoping that some of the holy water would be absorbed into the canvas. We believed prayer should be used primarily to win basketball games.

Eventually your dad would take you to a game. You had done something good, more than likely shoveled the snow from the driveway after a big storm. He knew as well as you did that you had done it only to clear off the court under your basket, but he took you anyway.

Inside the gymnasium you sat quietly. Warmups were going on. The organ played. Right-handed dunk. Left-handed dunk. Twenty-five-foot jumper. Baseline dunk. Nonchalant over-the-head dunk.

"Dad," you'd ask, "do you think I could go stand by the court for a couple seconds and watch the warmups?" "Don't get lost," he'd say, and you'd walk down to Bradley's end. It was much brighter there. The sound of the basketballs on varnished wood and the squeak of Converse All Stars were very loud. *Freeom, freeom, swoosh.* Very few shots missed. Chet Walker stood casually, palming a ball.

You were excited. Suddenly a basketball was coming right at you, bouncing, then rolling across the yellow wood and into your hands. It was brilliant orange and warm and large in your hands. It smelled of Tuf-Skin mixed with leather.



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If you wanted to invent the perfect Christmas present, this would be it.

It was beautiful. Yose couldn't move. In the distance there seemed to be a noise, someone yelling at you. A Bradley basketball, you had never expected this. Then someone appeared. "Gimme the ball, kid," yelled the bespectacled manager, and it dropped from your hands.

The Braves were tough at home. From 1956-1966 they lost only 12 games in Peoria. Away games were another story. During five of those years their record was 69-8 at home but 22-29 on the road. During the 1962-63 season Bradley was 14-0 at home and 3-9 away.

In the Missouri Valley you were expected to lose once you left town. The paper continually referred to away courts as snakepits. As grade-schoolers we had no idea what a snakepit was; we never asked our fathers or someone who might know because it seemed vaguely possible we were using a dirty word. Most of us envisioned a snakepit as being something like a swamp with huge cobras and crocodiles slithering around amid bubbling black pools and vapors.

But 1960 was a good year for Peoria fans and it was the year that a lot of the religious basketball fanatics in our crowd made their Confirmation.

At mid-season there was a big showdown between Bradley and Cincinnati, the No. 1 team in the nation led by Oscar Robertson. Bradley was 13-1, having lost only on Cincinnati's court. The two best college teams in the country came on the floor in Peoria that night.

None of us went to the game. All the tickets had been gone since Thanksgiving and they couldn't be wasted on children. In our homes we prepared for the game. Radios were tuned. Some guys said their rosaries. A few worked on indulgences from the back of prayer books. Others sat on their beds and shot rolled-up socks through coat-hanger baskets on the wall. I remember dribbling a scrubbed basketball through the house.

It started horribly. Oscar Robertson was so good, and immediately the score was 21-12. Cincinnati. Bradley called time-out and regrouped. At the half the Braves had battled back to within three, 47-44. My palms were so wet I carried a dish towel with me as I dribbled.

The second half started. Throughout Peoria saints were invoked and people paced the floor. But one boy, one who was to sacrifice everything, lay face down on his bed in the dark.

Cincy and Bradley traded baskets.

They traded fouls. The crowd screamed and the announcer for WIRL went hoarse. Chet hit two in a row from 20 feet away. Madness. The Big O hit from 15. Paul Hogue, Cincinnati's center, dunked.

Bradley came roaring back. Saunders floated in a rebound shot. Mason bombed from outside with two men on him. *Aaaaaaahhh*. . . . The speaker rattled. Bradley was called for traveling. *Baaaaaa*. . . .

Time was running out. Bradley was down by one. The Braves got the ball and called time-out with less than two minutes to play. There was a chance, just a chance.

The boy began to pray for a miracle to equal the glorious pile of crutches at Lourdes. He began praying against Cincinnati. He wanted the Bearcats to die. He prayed for the roof to cave in on their heads. Silently, he cursed.

Bradley brought the ball in and fed it to Chet Walker. He took it to the hole and stuffed. Bradley was up by one. Cincinnati dribbled up the court. With one shot they could still win. The boy on his bed prayed for a steal, a turnover, anything.

The miracle happened; Robinson stepped out of bounds trying to drive the baseline on Mason, and Bradley got the ball.

Somebody fouled Mike Owens, Bradley's ball handler. It was one-and-one and everybody knew that if he missed Cincinnati would rebound, give the ball to Oscar and he'd score. Owens stepped to the line in silence.

The boy had been saving his biggest gun for the end, hoping it would not have to be used. But now he had to use it.

"My Confirmation means nothing to me," he said out loud. "Satan, give me a basket."

Owens shot. Swish.

"Beetlebab," the boy whispered, "give me another."

Swish.

Robertson made a layup at the gun, but the radio had gone berserk: "Ninety-one-ninety! Bradley wins! Bradley wins!"

The next morning as the boy was confirmed he kept his eyes on the floor and felt the guilt well up and up till he wanted to run from the church. He was no longer in the state of grace. Sin, in the form of blasphemy and false idols, clung to him like stench to a fish. Other children seemed to eye him with disgust. He

knew. And God knew. He won that basketball game.

When we found all this out, our first reaction was to treat him like a leper. His soul, no doubt, looked like a paper plate that had been hit with a direct shotgun blast. He quit going to Communion after that, and he didn't have the courage to go to Confession. He was shunned, but only for a while. We soon relented, recognizing him for the tragic hero he was. We realized his sins would not rub off on us and that they might enable us to avoid the same fate. Every weekend we persuaded him to perform his ritual again. He was a fallen man. We told him that one more log on a roaring fire could not matter.

Bradley kept winning. Our friend became a businessman, selling his soul weekly in exchange for victory. Bradley's record rose to 21-1; then, foolishly, we overlooked the Houston game. Only a few days before Bradley had routed Houston by 21 points. We were cocky, we did not pressure our friend and we could not blame him for the surprise 63-58 loss. Bradley won the rest of its games with routine precision, completing its best year since 1938.

At the end of the season our war, a silent friend was as close to despair as a 12-year-old could get. He spent the summer kneeling in mud puddles, riding his bike into thorn bushes, touching dead snakes. He was rehabilitating himself.

He deliberately exposed himself to flying dirt clods in our wars. He held burning matches till they fizzled out. He was always the first to go down poison-ivy-infested paths. He handled spiders and red ants and drank from the creek behind McMahon's house.

We never intervened. Penance, the church told us, is what purifies sinners.

The next season we tried to get him to perform again. He refused. Bradley played well, but for the first time in five years was not invited to the NIT.

Soon after that our friend's family moved to another part of town and we seldom saw him. A year later his dad was transferred to California, and we never heard from him again. The years went by and things changed. People grew up, went off to school and forgot about Chet and dunk shots and Bradley.

That's the way it is. Basketball is still a good game, still a great game. And for a while Peoria had the very best in the country.

END

He's just won \$25,000,
poured a bucket of champagne
over his head.
He's not going to follow all
that with a boring cigarette.



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BY THE NUMBERS

Sir:

A big bow to SF's basketball research (Scouting Reports, Dec. 2). Louisville Coach Denny Crum has finally gotten the bug man he's needed, and should Ricky Gallon live up to his potential the Cardinals will have the country's most exciting team. It will be UCLA vs. Louisville this spring.

MASON W. FUERN

Los Angeles

Sir:

Louisville may have some Cards, but North Carolina State has the whole Pack.

GEORGE L. COMER

Raleigh, N.C.

Sir:

Thank you for not picking North Carolina State No. 1. That just about clinches the championship for the Wolfpack again. Honestly now, is there anyone in the world who can stop David Thompson?

CHARLES HAMLETT

Lesington Park, Md.

Sir:

In 1969, after Lew Alcindor had left UCLA, South Carolina was your preseason No. 1 pick. In 1971, when Sidney Wicks, Curtis Rowe and Steve Patterson had left, you chose Marquette to be No. 1. Now the Watson Gang has graduated and you predict that Louisville will be the champion. Will you never learn? UCLA will once more take the NCAA title, not only because it has size, speed and talented players, but because it still has the most important individual in its long string of championships, Coach Johnny Wooden.

JIM HIL MEHRLYS

Redmond, Wash.

Sir:

All I want to say is that by season's end Marquette, your No. 18 team, will have beaten your No. 1 team, your No. 5 team (twice), your No. 11 team, your No. 13 team (twice) and your No. 17 team.

JACK CARTER

Wauwatosa, Wis.

Sir:

I am appalled that you failed to list the University of Dayton in your top 20. Last season the Flyers upset Notre Dame, and in the NCAA tournament it took UCLA three overtime periods to defeat it 111-100, a very misleading score. We have Johnny Davis, Joe Fisher and Allen Elijah, so the team should be as powerful as it was last year.

MATT WHITE

Bellbrook, Ohio

WILD WEST

Sir:

Having spent half a dozen years covering basketball in the Western Athletic Conference and having developed a special affection for the blunt and colorful coaching crew in the conference, I offer my congratulations to Curry Kirkpatrick for his fine article *Somewhere Out West Is the Weekly WAC* (Dec. 2). He captured the wild and intangible flavor of the WAC in superb fashion.

As for the Fox, the Bear and the Hippie, even Aesop might have blinked at some of the fables that have grown around them. In the process, however, they have enriched the game of basketball on and off the court. And if their egos are as wide as the Fox's lapels, you can only drag out the old quote: "If you can do it, it ain't braggin'."

Again, cheers for Kirkpatrick. Seldom have I been so entertained by a sports article.

P. J. ERICKSON

The Arizona Republic

Phoenix

THE GAME

Sir:

As an alumnus of Yale who had the misfortune to witness the Harvard "explosion" of 1968 and 1974, I read Robert H. Boyle's article *Explosion at The Game*, (Dec. 2) with interest and appreciation. The Game was without a doubt the most important event not to be televised this season. Dating back to 1875, it represents one of the oldest football rivalries in the nation. More important, The Game consistently provides the perfect combination of athletic skill, convulsive unpredictability and general collegiate insanity on and off the field. For many of us, it is as close to the ultimate as we would care to get. Besides, nowhere else will you hear a regressive statement like that of Yale's Gary Fenwick, who reputedly said that the fair catch "impugns my integrity."

DAVID FUERN

New Milford, Conn.

Sir:

How The Game even rates a write-up in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is beyond me.

DICK SCANDLON

Winnier Haven, Fla.

NON-GAME

Sir:

Ohio State earned the right to play in the Rose Bowl this time (*Still Alive and Kicking*, Dec. 2). But the prospect of enduring a third straight bowl-less New Year as a loyal fan of the Michigan Wolverines, coupled with the absence of any indication that the Big Ten is about to abandon its nomenclature contract with the Pacific Eight, prompts me

to propose the establishment of a Non-Bowl.

Give the fans Michigan and Oklahoma, head to head, as a prelude to that parade of bowl games in which 8-3 teams often play 7-4 teams to become "champions." Forget the television coverage, the polls, the holidays in the sun and the beauty contests. Let the Sooners (unbeaten in two years) and the Wolverines (30-2-1 in three seasons) work out their frustrations and regain a measure of the pride denied them by administrative dais.

The big non-game could take place right here in the Midwest—St. Louis, Chicago or Kansas City would do—and whatever profits resulted could be pledged to charity or claimed by the administrations responsible for the two teams' plights. This one-time meeting between two of college football's finest teams could help to re-establish the spirit of fair play, which so often seems to be missing in modern sport.

PHIL BROWN

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir:

When a team with a three-year 30-2-1 record is prevented from going to a bowl game because of its conference's antiquated rules, it is time for a change. Surely Wayne Duke and the Big Ten athletic directors don't enjoy the anguish they have subjected themselves to the last two years, and no one benefits from the ensuing controversy. Let the conference champs go to the Rose Bowl through a set formula, but make the other teams eligible for additional bowl bids.

NICK WOLCZAK

Gamesville, Fla.

PAYDIT

Sir:

The long-shot Los Angeles Ram trade (Gambling with *Their Future*, Nov. 4) looks as if it may bring a big payoff. Quarterback James Harris played perhaps his best game as a Ram in bringing the team from behind to defeat the Minnesota Vikings 20-17. Though he faced the most famous pass rush in the NFL, Harris picked it apart as if it were a rusty lock. He is definitely a winner.

A. C. SHELLEY

Long Beach, Calif.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Sir:

As a non-hunter but Adirondack denizen, I was touched by Mason Smith's thoughtful assessment of hunting and the Adirondack woods (*Love Water in a Gull-Filled Forest*, Nov. 25).

My wife doesn't understand the bucks swarming from the racks in front of general stores, gilded and admired trophies. She asks

continued

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16TH HOLE continued

how one would want to deprive the forests of such stately creatures. How indeed?

Mason Smith has provided some of the answers and, as it should be, provoked a lot more questions.

Once again *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has convinced me that some of the finest writing in America comes not just from the literary fields, but from the fields which call themselves sporting.

FRED SULLIVAN

Saranac Lake, N.Y.

Sir,

The article *The Killing of the Shrew* (Nov. 18) by Ron Rau on why the hunter hunts and why the adrenaline flows was excellent. I have often wondered what it is that drives a man to kill a poor, innocent creature that has done nothing to disturb him.

I have found through my own personal experience that the minute I get a gun in my hand the adrenaline starts to flow. I agree that "exciting" is not the right word. I cannot think of a word that describes the sensation that is felt from this challenge.

It is true that the more the hunter identifies with his victim, the more "excited" he gets. This article reminds me of Richard Connell's story *The Most Dangerous Game*.

RICK SCHRAMM

Greenfield, Wis.

Sir:

Ron Rau says he is not a compulsive killer. I cannot agree. The taking of any life just because it is alive and within range is the hallmark of a compulsive killer. Thank you for the article; it provides some of the best anti-hunting, anti-gun ammunition I have ever come across.

RON BARRETT

Antioch, Calif.

Sir:

I have nothing against the hunter who hunts and uses the kill for food. I had nothing against Ron Rau stalking the black bear, for he mentions using the bear for food. Fine I do, however, take exception to his confrontation with the tiny, harmless shrew.

JACK ST. ONGE

Boon Raton, Fla.

Sir:

Hats-off for publishing Ron Rau's article. As a non-hunter, I found it to be a thought-provoking statement of the hunter's ego.

TOM JENSEN

Kesau, Hawaii

WAITING TO SEE

Sir:

The article by William O. Johnson on the Lake Placid Olympic bed (*Back Where the Games Belong*, Nov. 4) spoke of the proposal having gotten the "backing" of the Sierra

continued

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RIGHT.

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Club. By the time this letter reaches you I probably will have heard from the half of our 10,000 New York State members who have not already called or written me to ask, "Is it true?"

The Sierra Club has at no time taken any position in support of the Lake Placid Olympics. The position which we have taken, both in our formal policy statement last April and in our testimony before the U.S. House of Representatives in May, is that we would neither oppose nor support the proposals for holding the Winter Olympics in Lake Placid. However, our neutrality was contingent upon the strict adherence to the letter and the spirit of existing land-use laws.

We in New York State are fortunate to possess the finest piece of wilderness in the Northeast. The people of the state have guarded this resource for 80 years by constitutional provision. In the last decade there was a growing awareness that this invaluable asset was threatened by forces from which the state constitution could not provide adequate protection. As a result the governor and legislature sponsored and passed an enlightened plan for the administration of state lands and the regulated development of private lands.

We do not want to see 80 years of careful husbandry jeopardized in the enthusiasm of the moment. We therefore explicitly reserved the right to oppose and to enter into legal proceedings, if necessary, to ensure that these laws are not infringed. This is the total extent and form of our "support" for the Lake Placid Olympics.

PHILIP HANSEN
Chairman, Atlantic Chapter
Sierra Club

New York City

MAPS TO TREASURE

Sir:

Congratulations to Bill Gilbert on his beautifully written story on topographic maps (*The Unlabeled Art*, Nov. 25). In this country too many people—from scientists to sportsmen—are unaware of the usefulness of these maps. In publishing this article you have both served and entertained your readers.

R. H. LYDDAN
Chief, Topographic Division
U.S. Department of the Interior

Reston, Va.

Sir:

Bill Gilbert's article was remarkable in its description of U.S. topographical maps, their uses and origins. Recently, after discovering my first topo map, I became as much of an addict as the author apparently is. Topo maps are as fascinating as a good book, each one provides an endless tale of the charmed landscape.

JOHN STALL

Brookfield, Wis.

continued



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19TH HOLE *continued*

MOOLAH

Sir:

Real good. Now you've lowered your magazine to the rip-off level of pro wrestling (*Lady With a Lock on Life*, Nov. 18). Pat Jordan is a good writer, but can't you people find better things to include in your magazine? This article about made me sick, Shushu-ga.

BOB RAAMS

Denver

Sir:

O.K., you have shown us close-ups of the Japanese sumo wrestlers (*Pride in Bondage*, May 27) and the ferocious lady wrestler, the Fabulous Moolah. Now will you do an article on wrestling as it exists—no, thrives—in hundreds of American high schools and colleges today? This wrestling is not what most people might think. There are no two-ton Charles towing each other around on the floor or sitting on top of each other pulling legs back until the crybaby says "uncle." What you do find in prep and collegiate wrestling are young men who must be strong, tough, quick on their feet, able to think fast in order to reverse a hold and dedicated enough to go on rigid diets that would make most people shudder. There are no "tag team" setups to relieve a wrestler when he tires; he must wrestle three two-minute periods without a break, unless an injury occurs.

MARGARET H. SHAW

Asheville, N.C.

Sir:

I don't know anything about wrestling, but Pat Jordan's piece on the Fabulous Moolah was fabulous.

RUTH SAGAS

Mount Clemens, Mich.

Sir:

All "Griffins" (including Archie, I'll wager) go through life being called "Griffith." Conversely, all "Griffiths" (including Calvin and Emile, I'll bet) go through life being called "Griffin." I don't suppose any member of our collective tribes will ever become accustomed to these totally incorrect references. The "Don Griffin," noted in the story on Moolah is in real life me, with an "ek," not an "in."

Aside from this, I am grateful to author Pat Jordan for his complimentary observations about my announcing. But "a pair of white socks with brown slacks"! Never. Even the Griffiths know better than that.

DON GRIFFITH
WFFA-Radio

Pemacola, Fla.

Address editorial mail to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



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A full-page background image of a cowboy with a mustache, wearing a light-colored cowboy hat and a dark, patterned coat with a fur collar, riding a dark horse through a snowy field. The horse is galloping, and the cowboy is looking back over his shoulder. In the background, there are snow-covered evergreen trees.

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